The Centre Reporter.

VOL { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES, XIX

CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1886. NO. 9

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

While old Edmunds is trying to block Cleveland's way in the removal of Republican office holders, his own party up in Vermont is trying to block the way against the old codger's re-election to the Senate.

When the Republicans get through with their fight against the President in the matter of removals, they will be in the fix of the fellow who stuck his finger in the water and pulled it out again to see the hole.

John B. Alden is offering a 15 cent book for a $3.00 reading notice in first-class papers. The "first-class" gudgeons will no doubt be proud to bite, we open our exchanges to see who the "first-class" chaps are.

President Cleveland has informed the Senate, with Jacksonian firmness, that it has no right to call on him for reasons in removing Republican office holders. Will give his document in next weeks issue. It is very conclusive.

The question resolves itself down to this: If General Beaver is defeated for the Republican nomination for governor, can the fellow who gets the nomination be elected? and,

If Gen. Beaver is nominated with the cold shoulder from Cameron and the P. R. R., can he be elected? and

If defeated again, will it not be the end of General Beaver?

Pneumonia has entered a large number of families in Cass, Todd, Union and Oneida townships, Huntingdon county, and is becoming such a violent epidemic that precautionary steps have been taken to prevent its spread. While the disease has taken hold of persons of all ages, elderly persons are more generally affected, and in a majority of cases the sickness proves fatal. New cases and deaths are daily reported.

During George Washington's second term he was requested to furnish the Senate with certain documents, and sent a reply of which the following is the concluding paragraph:

It is essential to the due administration of the Government that the boundaries fixed by the Constitution between the different departments should be preserved; a just regard to the Constitution and the duties to my office under all circumstances of this case forbids a compliance with your request.

G. WASHINGTON.

But the opinions of Washington and James Madison count for naught with the majority of the present Senate.

The *Gazette* intimates there is not enough of good Democratic material in our snug little borough to fill the offices, hence a draft had to be made upon Republican material. The "compliment" seems to be sustained by Democratic action here which was an insult to life-long Democrats. Centre Hall has as good and competent Democratic material as any other town of its size and enough of it to fill the offices for two boroughs. It is not so very long ago when Republicans here openly declared they would sooner vote for a horse-thief than for the best Democrat.

CONGRESSMAN CURTIN INTRODUCES A MEASURE.

Our member, Gov. Curtin, has introduced in the House "A bill for the encouragemento f closer commercial relationship and in the interest and perpetuation of peace between the United States and the Republics of Mexico and South America and the empire of Brazil." Preceding the bill is a long preamble, in which Mr. Curtin points out the advantages of a through line of railroad from the southern boundary of the United States to the Argentine Republic and Chili, a distance of 4,500 miles, and that such a great international work, in the interest of peace and reciprocal commercial relations, can be constructed through the united efforts of the Governments of the countries it traverses, guided by the advice and experience and assistance by material aid from the commercial and railroad interests of the United States. In the bill proper Mr. Curtin proposes to authorize and request the President of the United States to invite all the Governments of Mexico, Central America, South America and Brazil to meet in convention in Washington some time this year. The convention to consider such questions as relate to the best mode of establishing on a firm and lasting basis peaceful and reciprocal commercial relations, and to adopt practical measures to forward the construction of the great railway in the interests of peace, cammerce and mutual prosperity. The Secretary of state is to be allowed $50,000 to defray the expenses of the convention in a manner becoming the dignity of the United States. The proposition is a practicable one, and in beneficial results to the commerce of the countries interested, particularly to that of the United States, would far exceed those to be secured by the Nicaraguan canals.

ROBBING THE ORPHANS.

One of the brightest honors that mark the executive career of our great "war Governor," Andrew G. Curtin, and one that will be an enduring monument to his memory, is the conception and establishment of the soldiers' orphans' schools of Pennsylvania. His devotion to the national cause and to the interests of the brave men who periled and sacrificed health and life for that cause, prompted Governor Curtin to think of their orphan children and to advise a system for their maintenance and education, as wards of the State. On Thanksgiving evening, 1863, two orphans of soldiers appeared at Gov. Curtin's door begging for bread. His warm heart was moved and his generous nature suggested the founding of schools for the maintainance and education of children made orphans by the war; and no subsequent mismanagement or fraud in conducting the system so nobly designed and so generously fostered by the State can dim the honor due to its founder.

The Philadelphia *Record* contains a startling exposition of fraud and corruption that marks the management of the soldiers' orphans' schools for some years past. With emotions of sorrow and shame the people of the state will read the damning details and will demand a full investigation and the condign punishment of the guilty.

For some time past the Department of Soldiers' Orphans' Schools has been fraught with corruption, speculation, official discrimination and criminal neglect of the children; and well might a Pennsylvanian blush with shame to note the cool indifference of Superintendent Higbee, who, when told of the sad and disgraceful condition of the department and of the greedy vampires who are sucking the life-blood of the system, he (Rev. Higbee) turned on his heel and coolly remarked that he "guessed that the children get more than they would have received at home." Rev. Higbee is charged with retaining J. L. Paul as Chief Clerk of the department for years, knowing him to be financially interested in the profits of the school at Mt. Joy, notwithstanding Governor Pattison advised his removal. Rev. Higbee still retained the robber of the orphans, when he took control of the Chester Springs school and drew nearly $10,000 every three months from the State treasury, while he continued as chief clerk of the department. Nor can Rev. Higbee explain how an inspector can honestly hold stock in a school as Paul did in the Chester Springs school for twelve years. It is shown that the children never get the care or instruction intended by the system. Every branch of instruction required by law is neglected, and every humane provision is systematically violated.

The schools at Mt. Joy, Chester Springs, Mercer and McAllisterville, are conducted by a syndicate, the chief members of which are ex-Senator Geo. W. Wright and J. L. Paul. They receive from the State $115 per annum for each scholar under ten years of age, and $150 for each scholar over that age. The consequence is that the diet is stinted, condemned fruits and meat that is tainted is given to the children. They are crowded four in a dirty bed, clothed in rags and pinched in every way, in order to leave a large margin of profit on the amount allowed per capita. In addition to this, they have nearly 100 more than the ordinary capacity of the buildings. At Mt Joy the boys are crowded into a furnace cellar. At other schools they are packed into filthy beds like herring in a box. Again, at Chester Springs, some thirty have been, on some pretext, debarred from school for three months, and where there is a show of school more than 80 scholars are crowded into a small room under one teacher and that teacher never examined as to fitness as required by law. The syndicate has been known to offer $20 to agents for each new scholar they bring to their schools, for the profit made by robbing the scholar. For this purpose too scholars are taken from comfortable schools, clean beds and wholesome diet to be crowded into the schools in the hands of the syndicate. A careful estimate shows that Wright, Paul Pearson and Gordon, the syndicate, or the robbers of the soldiers' orphans, realize not less than ninety thousand dollars a year, which they draw from the State treasury. To this end with an insatiable greed every consideration of honor, duty and humanity is subordinated to the one object of financial profit. There are at present ten schools in the state. Those under the syndicate at Mt. Joy, Chester Springs, Mercer and McAllisterville costing thousands more and render the very worst accommodations. The State furnishes to these grabbers $25 for each scholar's clothing, per cent. but they do not get it. They get no underclothes. The boys wear the same suit winter and summer. The girls are without hats or any head covering. At McAllisterville they got 12 hats to be divided among 90 girls, so they can only go to church in detachments. We have not mentioned a tenth part of the scandalous abuses detailed in the Philadelphia *Record*, but enough to arouse the indignation of every honest citizen and to join in persistent demand that these horse-leeches shall be compelled to loose their foul hold on the benevolent and patriotic system devised for the benefit of our soldiers' orphans.

CAUSES FOR CONTENT FOR LOWER DOWN.

In the past year the richest American merchant, H. B. Claflin; the richest American railroad man, W. H. Vanderbilt, and the richest American planter, Edmond Richardson, have died. It is notable that none of the three died in his bed. One dropped dead at his desk, another in his hall and the other in the street.

THE DEMOCRATIC POSITION.

The Democratic Senators have about decided that it will be unnecessary to hold a caucus to hear the report of the minority of the committee on judiciary upon the Edmunds resolutions, full confidence being felt in the judgment of Senators Pugh, Jackson and Coke, who are charged with framing the report will be very voluminous. The Washington *Post* publishes a summary of the report so far as prepared. The synopsis calls attention to the comparatively few suspensions from office since the Administration assumed office. It is maintained that the Senate called for papers in connection with purely executive acts, which is in violation of all precedents. Despite this irregularity it is held that the Senate received all the documents the resolution called for from the Attorney-General

Probably the strongest point in the entire report will be the vigorous attack made upon the unconstitutionality of the tenure act. This is a valuable place in the Republican record, as some of their most prominent men—John Sherman, the ate Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, and in fact most of the leaders, with the exception of Edmunds have made speeches bitterly assailing the constitutionallity of the act. The report will quote extracts from the speeches of these men.

General Buel breaks his long silence about the battle of Shiloh in a paper in the March Century, giving his view of that much-discussed battle, and the parhis army had in turning the fortunes of the second day's fight. The General by the way dissents from the idea that Providence takes a hand in a great battle in favor of the just cause—whichever that may be—and says:

Nowhere in history is the profane idea that in a fair fie d fight, Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions, more uniformly sustained than in our Civil War. It presents no example of the triumph of 15,000 or even 20,000 men against 25,000. It affords some such instances where the strongest force was surprised by rapid and unexpected movements, and still others where it was directed with a want of skill against chosen positions strengthened by the art of defense; but nowhere else The weaker force is uniformly defeated or compelled to retire.

Huntingdon is crazy over the discovery of a gold mine. Intense excitement prevails in Brady township over the discovery of a valuable deposit closely resembling gold. Jacob Zillius, minerologist, while prospecting for coal found evidence of a large deposit of the valuable mineral when but 75 feet below the surface. An analytical chemist of Philadelphia reports that the ore is worth from $10,000 to $15,000 per ton. Mr. Zillius is now in consultation with capitalists of this city with the view of organizing a stock company to develop the land in which his valuable find has been made. In the prospecting for gold Mr. Zillius struck a 3-foot vein of anthracite coal, which is now being developed. The land in the neighborhood that heretofore would not bring any price whatever has now risen to fabulous sums. Prominent capitalists of Philadelphia and Pittsburg are buying up land with the view of developing its resources.

A TRAIN JUMPS THE TRACK

Tamaqua, Feb 23.—An accident occurred this morning on the Pennsylvania and Reading railroad at the western entrance of this town. The early train from Pottsville jumped the track at Danner's switch and three passenger coaches and the baggage car toppled over an embankment of about 15 feet. The cars took fire from the heaters under them and the wildest excitement prevailed. The passengers were rescued through the car windows and through the doors, which had to be burst in by citizens who rushed to the scene. About 25 passengers were injured.

John Getzinger, the engineer, probably saved many lives by increasing the speed of his train after the cars had left the track, for it prevented the cars from telescoping. The engine broke loose from the train and crossed the bridge across the Wabash river, with the wheels of the tender within two inches of the edge of the bridge. The cause of the accident was a defective switch, which, it is said, had been reported several times as being in a bad condition.

THE STORM.

Huntingdon, Pa., Feb. 26.—The windstorm which has prevailed during the past 24 hours was extremely violent this morning in the vicinity of Alexandria, this county. It blew down and utterly demolished the large barn on the Swoope farm between that place and Barre Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, now belonging to Dr. George D. Ballantine, of this city. The crops, farming implements and stock of Thomas Yarnell, the tenant, were in it. One horse five steers and a cow were killed or so badly mangled that they had to be shot. The other property was completely broken and destroyed. Two small boys were in the barn at the time, one of whom was slightly injured. The loss is about $5,000.

THE STORM.

The City of Bangor Isolated by the Storm—Heavy Snowfall in Chicago.

Bangor, Me, Feb. 28,—A snow-storm has been raging in Eastern Maine since Thursday noon. Streets are piled two to ten feet high in drifts and country roads twenty to thirty. Some farm houses are entirely buried and much suffering ensues. One Bangor man had to enter his house by the second story windows and tunnel out in the morning. There is a terrible blizzard blowing on the land and a gale on the coast. All steamers are delayed. The train that left Boston Thursday evening and should have been here Friday morning has not yet arrived. It is stuck fast in the snow at Monmouth, eighty miles west of this city, and may not be here for twenty-four hours yet Seven locomotives and snow-ploughs of iron are working between here and the snow-bound train. Travel is at a standstill. The situation is unparalleled.

Chicago, Feb. 28.—Commencing late last night snow has fallen continuously here, accompanied by enough wind to drift it badly. The temperature is just below the freezing point, but growing lower and the signs point to a blizzard. The progress of trains is not yet seriously impeded within a hundred miles of Chicago but dispatches from Wisconsin and Iowa tell of roads becoming blockaded so as to delay trains considerable If the storm continues at its present fury here till morning traffic by rail will probably be at a standstill.

TUSSLE WITH A BEAR.

Williamsport, Feb. 25.—Peter Alwood lives a few miles out of Slate Run. Yesterday he and several old companions were in the woods at work when they struck bear tracks and followed them up. Alwood, who was in advance of the other members of the party, came up to the bear, and, having an axe over his shoulder, he attempted to strike Bruin on the head with the sharp end. His aim was not a steady one and the result was that the bear escaped without a scratch, and turned on Alwood, who had started to run back to where his companions were. Bruin overtook the man and a severe struggle took place. Alwood drew his knife, but could not use it, on account of being pinned to the ground by the bear. Several of the party came up at this moment and one of them, who had a rifle, fired at the bear and put a ball through his head. Alwood was removed from his dangerous position, having only a few bruises and scratches, after the bear had been killed.

HORRIBLE FATE OF TWO CHILDREN.

Reading, Feb. 25.—A man named Lillie owns a mill at Shamokin Hill. His twin daughters, Kate and Susie, aged six years, strayed to an up-stair room to where a shaft was revolving. While at play the little ones ventured too near the machinery and their clothing caught in the shaft and they were drawn around it and were whirled with each revolution. After being thrown around for an hour they were found by an elder sister who had come to look for them. When the machinery was stopped their bodies were found to be terribly lacerated. The skull of Katie was badly fractured and her body in other ways was much mutilated, causing her death. Susie still lives but her chances for recovery are small. Her entire body was more or less injured, several bones being broken.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT LOCK HAVEN.

Lock Haven, Feb. 27.—W. L. Merwin, a young lawyer, who came from Connecticut and married the daughter of Col. W. H Moore, President of the State bank, was thrown from a buggy at Flemington, just west of the city, and seriously injured. The physicians fear internal injuries and doubts are expressed of his recovery.

SIMON CAMERON'S DONEGAL SALE.

Lancaster, Feb. 23.—One of the largest sales ever held in Lancaster county was that of General Simon Cameron on his Donegal farm this week. There were litterally acres of people in attendance. The General disposed all his personal property at big prices, and will in future have his farms conducted by tenants.

HISTORY IS AGAINST THEM.

[Boston Globe.]

Forgotten incidents in the history of the executive and legislative branches of the government are creeping out of obscurity to teach the Edmunds party that they have undertaken a very foolish piece of work. Senators tried to bulldoze President Madison, and made just such a failure as President Cleveland will help them to.

HELLO!

[Nashville Union.]

The old bandana patriot, ex-Senator Thurman, is retained by the government to investigate the Bell patent When he gets ready and calls "Hello," you'd better listen.

MR. EDISON WEDDED.

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 24.—Thomas A Edison, the well known electrician, was married to-day to Miss Nina Miller, daughter of a prominet manufacturer.

JOHN B. GOUGH BURRIED.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 24—The remains of John B Gough were buried today at his home, "Hill Side," in the town of Boylestown.

The trouble at the McCormic reaper factory at Chicago threatens to become serious The proprietor maintains the lockout and does not seem disposed to conciliate the employees, and the latter, 1,300 in number, threaten to "declare war."

BRUSQUENESS AND WANT OF TACT.

The Trait Which Separates the Englishman from His American Cousin.

The Rev. Mark Pattison, who died a few months ago, and who was a typical Englishman and scholar, was once appealed to by a volatile American girl, as to whether he thought she could write a book. "I had to disappoint her, poor thing!" he writes. "I told her she was the most ignorant woman I ever met."

Another young woman who had written some clever essays was astonished by his unasked criticism to the effect that he "considered her conversation extremely feeble." While he was dying he comforted his weeping wife with the remark:

"Oh yes, my dear! No doubt! no doubt! But you'll soon marry again. I've arranged that you shall be comfortable until you do."

The lady soon, by the way, fulfilled his prophecy.

This brutal frankness is the trait which most widely separates the Englishman from his American cousin. The American is more sensitive and quick in sympathy. He is, too, taught consideration for his neighbors from his cradle, and however candid he may be, learns to keep silent concerning unpleasant truths affecting himself or others. But if the English boy finds a hole in his poorer schoolmate's shoes, he will harry him incessantly with coarse chaff about it. Why not? He would not hide a hole in his own shoe. The same brusqueness and want of tact is apparent in every rank of life.

A noted English author, while traveling through this country, appeared at a large dinner given in his honor in a flannel shirt and business suit. Glancing round the table, he muttered:

"Ah, evening dress! The custom at home. Quite so! quite so! But I did not know that you dressed like gentlemen here."

Canon Kingsley while in this country stunned the chairman of a literary club, who was welcoming him to a reception in somewhat florid terms, by staring at him and curtly saying, "I consider your remarks in very bad taste." Then, turning his back on him, he walked away.

In none of these instances, probably, did the Englishman wish to offend, nor was he conscious of offending. The lack of that nervous sensitiveness which he ridicules in the American, makes him unable to see this defect in his own good-breeding.—Youth's Companion.

Experiments with Underground Wires.

The recent severe storms that have so seriously impaired the telegraphic service have had their counterpart in many countries in Europe, and the loss and annoyance experienced in commercial and financial centers through the breaking down of the wires have again called public attention to the convenience and necessity of underground lines. In France the system has been adopted on a large scale, the underground line from Paris to Marseilles having been completed, and the wires will be used as soon as the instruments destined for them are placed in the offices at Paris, Lyons and Marseilles. This underground line, added to those overhead, will not only enable messages to be accelerated, but will enable communication to be kept up, no matter what the state of the weather may be.

Underground wires will also be laid between Marseilles, Toulon and Nice. Marseilles and Havre are already connected by a direct wire, and this not only secures rapid communication between the two ports, but places Marseilles in direct connection with the United States, as the Marseilles-Havre wire is to all intents and purposes the prolongation of the Franco-American cable which abuts at Havre. The experiments will be watched with great interest by electricians on this side of the Atlantic.—San Francisco Chronicle.

DEACON MINGLE ARRESTED.

"Deacon" Samson Q. Mingle, of Williamsport, who during last November caused the arrest of F. B. Benton and F Foster Smith, on the charge of swindling, was arrested yesterday in this city by Deputy Sheriff Ferguson. He is charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. Fifteen years ago Mingle got an interest in a tract of land, known as the Paterson tract, of 178,000 acres in West Virginia. This land had been purchased under contract by the Rev. Isaac P Striker, who had married a wealthy woman in Oneida county, N. Y., and had paid several thousand dollars down. It was, however, allowed to lapse for some time and a large amount of taxes were due, when Mingle went to Mrs. Striker, who had money in her own right, and obtained from her $2,500 to pay them. Samuel Ira Smith, Mrs. Striker's attorney, says that after getting the money Mingle appropriated it to his own use and the taxes remained unpaid.

The above is from the New York World, of 26 ult. In the fall we gave the account of the swindle attempted against Mingle, and copy the above as belonging to the case.

Attention is called to the fact that Prohibition has a very serious effect upon the health of communities in which it is proclaimed. The town of Saco, Me., has a population of only about 6,000, and no liquor can be sold there except for medical or mechanical purposes. There is but one supply agency in Saco, and the statistics show that 16,000 perscriptions were put up at this shop in about six months. This argues wretched health on the part of Saco, or a great deal of barroom sing—whiskey being sometimes used in Maine in heavy mechanical transactions.

25,000 MINERS THREATEN TO STRIKE.

Paris, Feb. 28.—All the miners in the Aveyron District, numbering 25,000, threaten to join the strike of workmen here. The prefect of the department has telegraphed to M. Sarrien, Minister of the Interior, for reinforcements of troops.

TERRIBLE CRIME IN HUNGARY

Vienna, Feb. 25.—At Mexo Tur, Hungary, yesterday, a Protestant school teacher murdered his wife and three children and then committed suicide.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

WHAT MANY AMERICANS DO NOT KNOW ABOUT THEM.

Ignorance of Visitors and Foreign Colonies and Its Causes—The Middle Classes—False Pictures by Dumas, Daudet and Other Dramatists and Novelists.

The great majority of American people who may have been residents of Paris for years know little more about French society and its ways of living than if they had remained in their own native cities. They form sets with their own people in foreign countries with more tenacity than they do in their own. They generally all live in the same quarter and board in the same hotels and pensions. They take lessons in the French language, to be sure, but they never air their knowledge, except to shopkeepers. Some who are ambitious to have an insight into French human nature and manners set themselves to studying the master and mistress of their boarding place. These are poor specimens, to say the least, for the last thing a French woman or man will resort to is to keep a pension; the very idea is repulsive to all who can possibly make a living any other way.

HABITS OF RESIDENT AMERICANS.

To speak of the Americans who have settled in their own apartments and have made them their permanent homes, they are even more secluded from French society than the boarders. At the table d'hote, some may meet with stray resident Frenchmen who, in the eyes of their countrymen, represent the class of outcasts, for to them the idea of not having even a corner which you can call your own is a most deplorable one. But the American settlers, the American colony, as they are called, have not even the advantage of that foreign element. They give their tea parties, their dinners, their soirees, and the guests are all English speaking people. If, by chance, their exclusiveness allows them to make a few exceptions and they tender invitations to a few French, rest assured that they will be dukes and counts, with their consorts; for outside of their set the Americans only condescend to entertain titled nobility. They have their American bankers, their American doctors, their American churches, their American interpreters, when communication is necessary with the natives; they have their American exchange, where they daily meet to read the American papers and hear American gossip. In fact they are as isolated from the French population as the Jews in the Ghetto are from the Romans.

Holding rank above the middle classes, the bourgeoisie, we have the nobility. If they only held the rank with dignity they would be doing nobly. But unfortunately most of them in this age of industry pass their me in elegant and often reprehensible leisure. When the young men deign to occupy their time it is devoted to affording items for articles on fashions.

Ladies of rank follow the same intellectual pursuits; they study dress, they give balls in which each guest is requested to represent an animal, they invent pastimes, gossip at 5 o'clock teas, and furnish substance as eccentric heroines for highly spiced French novels.

THE BONE AND SINEW OF THE NATION.

While these sad remnants of the crusaders and brave knights are having a good time the middle classes are at work. They form the bone and sinew of the nation. These classes consist, as they do everywhere, of professional men, bankers, big and little merchants, manufacturers, writers, artists, etc.—all who have an active pursuit of some kind outside of the lower class of day laborers. Now it is an undeniable fact that Americans see very little of the interiors of this bourgeoisie—not enough to have a good clear knowledge of it. It does not court the society of outsiders. It is very exclusive; it in fact adheres too closely to its shell; it is inclined to narrow mindedness, and is apt to think the world ends with the boundaries of France.

Most of the foreigners glean their knowledge of the French from French writers, who imagine their books would lack interest and consequently not sell if they were not filled with the sins and debaucheries of people who in reality form a very small part of the population. It is to be remarked that the greater portion of these novelists themselves belong to the good and peaceful bourgeoisie and write the abominable facts and invent more abominable ones, by the way of spices, in homes that can vie with any of the American hearths for purity, sanctity and morality. For instance there is no family where, it is said, purer love dwells in all respects of honorableness and domestic happiness than that of Alexander Dumas fils. No chaste American woman could be more scrupulous, more morally exacting than Mme. Dumas and her two daughters. Still the author sees fit to dig and turn up the stenchy strata of French society to write his books.

Alphonse Daudet, who also delights in shocking people (there seems to be quantities who like to be shocked, for many of his books have reached over seventy and eighty editions) with Sapphos, kings in exile and such stories of questionable morality, is the lord and master of a home which possesses all the domestic virtues. He married a petite bourgeoise who is known to be the pink of housekeepers as well as the most faithful of wives and the most devoted of mothers. She was reared and educated in an intellectual home, and being of a literary turn of mind she soon became her husband's right hand in the writing of his books. Indeed, the question under discussion at present in literary circles is which part of Alphonse Daudet's works are attributable to him and which to his wife. Their home is made cheerful and happy by a family of sturdy boys, who are being most carefully reared and educated under the watchful eye of father and mother.—Paris Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

The Guests Caricatured in Sugar.

At a recent dinner given at the Hotel Brunswick, in this city, the saddle of mutton and the pheasants were brought from England, the grouse from Scotland, and fresh truffles and rare wines for each course from the continent, all especially imported for the occasion. Opposite each cover was a statuette in sugar, modeled by the chef who had prepared the dinner, caricaturing each guest, his tastes, hobbies and characteristics, yet preserving his likeness so correctly as to be recognized at a glance.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

☞Pay the REPORTER one yerr in advance, and get the N. Y. World 6 months free.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Dennis McCarthy, State Senator and ex-Congressman, died in Syracuse, New York, on the 14th.

—The condition of Henry Watterson, who is sick in Louisville, was reported very critical on the 14th. His ailment is acute meningitis.

—John B. Mannix, ex-assignee of the estate of Archbishop Purcell, was arrested in Cincinnati on the 13th on a charge of having embezzled $350,000 of the estate. He was committed in default of $110,000 bail. Some time ago an examination into Mannix's management of the affairs of the Archbishop's estate revealed the fact that a large sum had been lost in purchase of stock which afterward depreciated in price.

—Disastrous floods are reported throughout New England, in consequence of the heavy rains. The total rainfall at Boston was nearly six inches in two days, and the Old Stony Brook was swelled beyond its bounds, inundating a section of the city about half a square mile in extent to a depth of from three to nine feet. Six hundred houses were damaged to an extent estimated at over $100,000, and mill and other property to an extent of about $135,000 more. The damage to other portions of New England, through the breaking of dams, flooding of streets, etc., will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars at the lowest estimate, and may mount into the millions. In Franklin, Mass., alone, there is a loss of over $100,000.

—Great excitement is reported among the people on and about the cattle range of the Kansas and New Mexico Cattle Company, in northwestern New Mexico and southwestern Colorado, because of the killing and wounding of Mexican sheep herders by cowboys employed by the cattle company. Governor Ross, of New Mexico, has offered rewards ranging from $100 to $500 for the capture of the perpetrators of the outrages. The Governor has replied to a communication from E. Carlisle, President of the company, that "the testimony of Carlisle's own employes, (taken recently in a police court) showed conclusively that they were the aggressors." The Governor also recites that in the trial of some of the cowboys for murder their acquittal was brought about by the terrorizing of the court and witnesses by their armed companions. The managers of the company, two brothers named Carlisle, are said to be unnaturalized Englishmen, and it is believed they will appeal to the British Minister.

—Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, has received a private despatch from Rome announcing the transfer of Bishop Becker, of Wilmington, Delaware, to the vacant see of Savannah, Georgia.

—In the Senate of New Jersey, on the 15th a special committee of three was appointed to investigate the alleged sale of oleomargarine and other imitations of butter in the city of Newark.

—The U. S. Court of Claims on the 16th decided that a naval officer on duty on board a training vessel, which remains in port, is entitled to sea pay. In 1882 the Secretary of the Navy decided that such officers were entitled to shore pay.

—J. B. Mannix, ex-assignee of Archbishop Purcell's estate, was on the 15th released by Judge Johnston, in Cincinnati, on a writ of habeas corpus, the bail in his case being reduced to $50,000 and bondsmen abtained.

—The total loss by the flood in Boston is now estimated at $1,000,000. Other losses in Massachusetts are estimated as follows: At Newton Upper Falls, $20,000; Malden, $50,000; Taunton, $250,000; Braintree, $50,000. In Rhode Island, losses are reported of $26 000 at Geneva, $80,000 at Bellefonte, and $70,000 at Woonsocket.

—In the Virginia House of Delegates on the 16th, the Railroad Commissioners' bill, providing for three commissioners instead of one, as the law now stands, and making railroads amenable to Circuit Courts on complaint of discriminations, was defeated by a vote of 45 to 43.

—Speaker Carlisle will appoint Mr. Findlay, of Maryland, on the Committee of Banking and Currency to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr Curtin.

—James T. Dubois, U. S. Consul at Leipsic, has resigned, to engage in private business in this country.

—The President on the 16th nominated William J. Poulson to be Postmaster at Flemington, New Jersey.

—Henry Watterson continued to improve on the 16th.

—The funeral of Horatio Seymour took place on the 16th, in Utica, New York. Services were held in Old Trinity Church, and the interment took place in Forest Hill Cemetery. Bishop Huntington officiated at the services, assisted by Rev. C. H. Gardner and other clergymen. The pallbearers were Colonel Frederick A. Conkling, of New York; Walter S. Church, of Albany; George F. Comstock, of Syracuse; Senator Francis Kiernan and William J. Bacon, of Utica. Business was suspended in Utica during the funeral, and previous to the obsequies the body was viewed by thousands of the deceased statesman's fellow citizens of all creeds and conditions. After the funeral a memorial meeting was held in the Opera House, at which the Mayor presided and Governor Hill made an address.

—The fund for Mrs. Hancock was on the 16th increased to $25,565. George Small, of Baltimore, sent a contribution of $250. The Grant Monument Fund in New York has reached $115,195.

—The Cabinet on the 16th considered the propriety of urging legislation to indemnify the Chinese sufferers by the recent outbreaks in Wyoming and Washington Territories. Claims for damages by the anti-Chinese riots at Rock Springs, Wyoming, last fall, have already been filled with the State Department.

—About twenty Republican Senators met on the 17th in caucus, and adopted resolutions submitted by Mr. Edmunds respecting the right of the Senate to information from the heads of executive departments

—Charles E. Sutton, Republican, was elected Mayor of Wilkesbarre, on the 16th, by 350 majority. There were nine candidates for Mayor in the field, the principal rival of Sutton being General William H. McCartney, recently defeated as the Republican candidate for District Attorney.

—Through trains now run between Boston and Providence on schedule time, but it is uncertain when they will run to New York. The floods, however, are subsiding throughout the greater portion of New England. It is estimated that 5000 persons have been temporarily thrown out of employment by the freshet in Lowell. There is great distress among the people of the flooded district in Boston, and much sickness is expected,

—The President on the 17th nominated James B. Groome to be Collector of Customs and I. Freeman Raisin to be Naval Officer at Baltimore; Frank L. Phelps Syrveyor at Lacrosse, Wisconsin, and Pendleton King Secretary of Legation at Constantinople.

—The Senate on the 17th confirmed George M. Stearns to be U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts.

—The Senate of New Jersey on the 17th passed the Arthur Killy Bridge bill by a vote of 11 to 5. Ayes—Messrs. Brinkerhoff, Carter, Chase, Cranmer, Griggs, Herring, Livington, McBride, Moon and Pancoast. Nays—Messrs. Fish, Miller, Nichols, Vanderbilt and Youngblood. The Local Option bill was favorably reported in the House.

—By an accident on the Ohio Central Railroad, near Point Pleasant, West Virginia, on the 16th, two passengers, named Searles and Humphreys, were killed, and several others were slightly injured. The passenger car fell into a stream and the passengers were drenched.

—Rear Admiral English retired on the 18th, and Rear Admiral Simpson on the 3d proximo. Their retirement will promote Commodores William T. Truxton and William K. Mayo to be Rear Admirals, and Captain John Irwin to be Commodore.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE

In the U. S. Senate on the 15th a bill was passed granting the franking privilege to Mrs. Julia D. Grant. Mr. Mitchell gave notice that on Tuesday next he would call up the bill for the abrogation of the Treaty permitting the imigration of Chinese. The education bill was discussed, pending which the Senate went into executive session, and when the doors were reopened, adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 16th the Education bill was discussed by Messrs. Jackson, Maxey, Pugh, Blair, Coke and Hawley, and then went over. On motion of Mr. Frye, Monday next, at 2 o'clock, was appointed for the consideration of the resolution reported by him from the Committee on Foreign Relations expressing the sense of the Senate to be that no further "Fishery Commissions" should be appointed or provided for. The credentials of Senator Gorman, of Maryland, were read and filed. Mr. Mahone's resolution calling on the Attorney General for information as to district attorneys in Virginia was agreed to. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 17th Mr. Morrell introduced a bill in aid of education in the States. Mr. Hoar introduced a bill appropriating $250,000 for the erection of a monument in Washington to General Grant. A bill was passed providing for the punishment by fine or imprisonment, or both, of trespassers on Indian lands. The bill for the allotment of lands in severalty to the Indians was considered. The Blair Educational bill was discussed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 15th a number of bills were introduced under the call of States, among them Mr. Morrison's Tariff bill; bills by Messrs. Felton and Henley, of California, to abrogate the treaties permitting Chinese immigration; by Mr. Bland for the free coinage of silver; by Mr. Clardy, to establish a mining bureau; by Mr. Pulitzer, granting a pension of $5000 a year to the widow of General Hancock; by Mr. Breckenridge, for the issue of coin certificates, and by Mr. Miller for the issue of small bills for circulation. A resolution, offered by Mr. Hanbeck, of Kansas, for the appointment of a special committee of eleven to investigate the charges made in connection with the telephone litigation was referred, together with an amendment by Mr. Pulitzer, extending the scope of the investigation to the Committee on Rules. The Fitz-John Porter bill was discussed, pending which the House adjourned.

In the House on the 16th, Mr. James from the Committee on Coinage, reported adversely Mr. Bland's bill for the free coinage of silver. It was placed on the calendar, Mr. Bland obtaining leave to file a minority report. He said the House would be asked to consider the bill at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Clardy, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across Staten Island Sound, and establishing it as a post road. Mr. Riggs, from the Post-Office Committee, reported a bill compelling all vessels of the United States to carry the mails to and from foreign ports, when offered them by officers of the United States. Mr. Laird, from the Committee on Military, reported the bill authorizing the President to raise two regiments of volunteer cavalry in New Mexico and Arizona, for the suppression of Indian hostilities. Mr. Taylor, from the Post-office Committee, reported adversely the bill granting pensions to Postal Service employes who have been in the service for twenty years. The Fitz-John Porter bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, supported the bill, and Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, opposed it. The discussion was continued in an evening session.

In the House on the 17th a bill was passed providing that all homestead settlers within railway limits restricted to less than 160 acres, who make an additional entry under the acts of March and July, 1879, shall be entitled to have the lands covered by the additional entry patented without any further cost or proof of settlement and cultivation. The Atlantic and Pacific Land Grant Forfeiture bill was considered. The Fitz-John Porter bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. The bill was supported by Messrs. Laird, of Nebraska; Oates, of Alabama, and Weber, of New York; and opposed by Messrs. Kelley, of Penna., and Thomas, of Illinois. Pending debate the committee rose and the House adjourned.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Our opinion of a man is likely to be determined by his opinion of us.

We find self made men often, but self unmade ones a good deal oftener.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.

The most beautiful thing in human life is attainment to a resemblance of the Divine.

Make but few explanations; the character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.

Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves glorious and in heaven immortal.

Crosses grow anchors; bear as thou should'st thy cross, and that cross becomes an anchor too.

One truly Christian life will do more to prove the divine origin of Christianity than many believe

Time with all its celerity moves slowly on to him whose whole enjoyment it is to watch its flight.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

No jest can be quite so bitter as that one which runs laughingly along on the edge of an ugly truth.

The wealth of a man is the number of things that he loves and blesses, that he is loved and blessed by.

Death should not be considered an evil, when we long for it in the excess of our misfortunes or our joys.

We know what to do with our joys, but we do not know what to do with our sorrows or with our hardships.

Love mankind with all your souls, and you will feel no difficulty in using patience, forbearance and forgiveness.

It is Colton who says that "men will wrangle for religion—write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but—live for it."

There is no advantage to be gained in murmuring or complaining at our lot in life and grieving over our hard experience.

No matter how purely and grandly we live to-day, there is no denying that we may live more purely, more grandly to-morrow.

Honor is the basis of character, and character is the basis of all true success; therefore esteem truth above all other possessions.

A debt is a very stubborn thing and always succeeds in having its own way. The more you attempt to contract it the larger it gets.

If a man is honest he does not need to tell of it. Sterling virtue can afford to keep still, but sly dishonesty has a very busy tongue.

A celebrated philosopher used to say: "The favors of fortune are like a steep rock—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message through the electric wire on which it perches.

Men will cheerfully give up their property, to save the life of the body, and yet, for the sake of property they will sacrifice the life of their souls.

Fuller very beautifully said that "he who spends all his life in pleasure is like one who wears nothing but fringes, and eats nothing but sauces."

Every man is born for heaven, and he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world, and he is excluded who does not.

Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering.

One hour with Christ is worth an eternity of all earth's joys, and communion with him is the best, the surest and the most ecstatic foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of a friend; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, and not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We did not know the scars.

If you were as willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own house as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world.

Duty is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

When a generous man is compelled to give a refusal, he generally gives it with a worse grace than the ungenerous; first, because it is against his nature; and, secondly, because it is out of his practice.

We little know how much in the way of indirect influence we exercise in being lights of the world. We do not need to obtrude our light forcibly upon men. Light is always best when it excercises a silent influence.

The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct; the right forms the rule of his behavior; deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menacing taunt—the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

At the Gate.

Ah, love, I see your boudoir light
Already shining like a star;
I had so much to tell to-night;
I wish our walk were twice as far
The eyes that watch in skies above
Seem kindly smiling on us, love.

The latchet of the little gate
Lifts half-reluctantly, as though
It knew what secret longings wait
Deep in my heart some sign to show
That bids them fearlessly to rise
And seek an answer in your eyes.

And while unconsciously we stand
Together here, a moment's space,
The gentle pressure of your hand,
The shy expression on your face,
Comes like Love's messenger in quest
Of what so long ago you guessed.

Beneath those leafy vines the dew
Has lately kissed, a silver gleam
Of moonlight falling over you
Makes you the image of a dream
That comes forever in my sleep
As if a memory to keep.

A vision fair who never speaks;
But in the smile I always see
Steal softly o'er the rounded cheeks
There seems a message sent to me
Be you its kind interpreter,
And whisper to me, love, of her.

For you, it is, when I am blind,
Of whom I dream; and now, awake,
Beloved, tell me I may find
It true when slumber's fetters break.
With but her smile take leave of me,
And I shall know its mystery!

MY COMMODORE.

I was returning from the postoffice feeling decidedly out of sorts; for the bulky parcel in my hand was the MS. of a long story from which I had hoped great things; and here it was back again with a polite note from the editor suggesting so many alterations that I had grimly resolved to stuff the whole thing into the stove as soon as ever I reached home.

It was a blustering March day. The wind was impudent to the last degree and played such rude capers with my draperies that I could hardly get along.

As it whisked me about the corner my feet slipped on a bit of ice. I threw out my hands in a frantic effort to regain my equilibrium, and was conscious of a sustaining arm about my shoulders, while a hearty voice said in my ear:

"Steady, my lass!"

I looked up with some asperity, feeling my dignity ruffled by this free and easy address, and saw a big man with a handsome beard sweeping his broad chest, and growing nearly to his eyes, which were dark, and clear, and shining with a rare good humor.

He was dressed in a suit of dark blue flannel with the brightest brass buttons.

He wore no overcoat, and looked as if he never needed one. There was a breezy, hearty look about him that suggested the sea.

My father had been a sailor. I softened a little, bowed, thanked him, and hurried on.

I was only a common-place scribbler, and made a modest living for my mother and myself.

Mother was an invalid, and our lives were so quiet and monotonous that trifling incidents amused us.

Accordingly, after discussing the fate of my unlucky MS., I told her of my little encounter, and we named the stranger the "Commodore," laughed over him a little, and dropped him from our minds.

Two days later I entered a crowded horse-car at the same time with an old Irish woman who carried a heavy basket of eggs.

My Commodore sat in one corner, and rising at once, seated the old creature as carefully as though she had been a duchess; giving me such a bright smile of recognition that I returned it in spite of myself.

"'Age before beauty, little lass,'" he said in his big voice.

Before I could put on my dignity the car was off the track, bumping over the pavement in a most intolerable fashion.

I clutched at a strap, but felt that same steady touch upon my shoulders, while the Commodore said:

"You'll need your sea-legs for these breakers:"

Was there ever such a ridiculous man?

I colored furiously, and then nearly strangled in the wild effort to smother a laugh. But he smiled at me so innocently, and seemed so unconscious of giving offense, and so thoroughly at peace with the whole world, that it was utterly impossible to snub him.

I left the car at Pearl street, not expecting to see him again.

But the fates willed otherwise.

Coming from church one Sunday evening, in the first of April, I found to my dismay that it was raining and blowing furiously.

I had no umbrella, for the evening had promised to be fair.

Gathering up my skirts preparatory to making a desperate dive into the storm, I heard a friendly voice exclaim:

"Why, if it ain't my little lass!"

I glanced up to see that man in all the glory of his brass buttoned blue suit, beaming at me from under a huge umbrella.

My first impulse was to run away from him; but he seemed to have no suspicion of this, for drawing my hand within his arm in the most matter-of-fact way possible, he said:

"My umbrella is big enough for two, so if you'll steer the ship, little woman, I'll be proud and happy to see you home."

What could I do?

The wind was dashing the rain about in little, vicious sheets, and my companion, intent upon retaining fast hold of his umbrella, was perhaps unconscious of the fact that he was keeping an equally fast hold of my hand.

"This is pleasant," he observed in a moment's lull of the storm, as he beamed at me over his stalwart shoulder. "I've often thought I should like a little woman of my own to sail with me through fair and stormy weather Whew!"—as a sudden gust threatened to turn his umbrella wrong side out—"if its going to blow in this way I shall have to furl my royals."

It was impossible to resist the inclination to laugh at him; but after I had recovered my gravity, I said as coldly as possible:

"I think, Mr.——"

"Try Dexter," he suggested cheerfully, "John Dexter."

"I think Mr. Dexter," I went on with increasing *hauteur*, "that I need not trouble you to escort me home."

I endeavored to disengage my hand, but he retained it with gentle force.

"Why, it's no trouble to me, my girl; don't you see that I like it?"

"Well, I don't!" I exclaimed desperately. "Perhaps you do not know that you have taken a most unwarrantable liberty. It is very rude in you to address me as you have, or to claim any acquaintance whatever, simply because you prevented my slipping on the ice that day. If I had not known by your speech and your dress," here I flashed a scornful glance at the brass buttons, "that you were a sailor, I should have requested the protection of an officer. But my father was a sailor, and I remember him as outspoken and frank, though always a gentleman."

I emphasized the last word, and as we passed under the glare of a gas-light I could see my commodore flush darkly red above his magnificent beard.

But he still retained my hand within his arm as he kept steadily on.

"You can stow that, little woman," he said gravely. "If I had been bold or rude to you, it was, as you say, because I didn't know any better. But as it's too stormy for you to be out alone, I am bound to see you into port now, and in the future if I should meet you I'll try to carry less sail."

He said no more but sheltered me carefully from the driving storm until we reached my home.

"Good-night," I said, feeling rather conscience-smitten as I gave him my hand.

He held it a moment in his broad, brown palm.

"Good-night, little woman, and good luck to you," he said, with grave kindliness; "and remember always that a sailor loves and respects a good woman above every earthly thing, even if he can't talk like a story book."

Then he went swinging away through the wind and the rain while I ran in to tell mother of my evening's adventure, feeling sure that I should never see him again, and feeling also a little sorry.

But I met him in the postoffice the very next morning, and was about to give him a gracious bow of recognition, when lo! he passed me with head erect, eyes front, and a general air of rigidity oppressive to look upon.

Tears of mortification sprung to my eyes; but I winked them away and rated myself soundly for being so foolish—a rude, uncultivated sailor, what was he to me, anyway?"

My dear mother died in the following summer, and left me lonely indeed.

A year after her death, feeling the need of rest from writing, I engaged myself as nursery governess to two little girls who were to go abroad with their parents.

My expenses were to be paid, and I would receive a fair salary; and the change of scene and occupation promised to be delightful to me.

My young charges were quite sea-sick for a few days, which kept me a prisoner in the cabin; therefore we were in mid-ocean when I made the discovery that my Commodore was among the "Columbia's" passengers.

He looked as big and brown as ever, and was dressed in the inevitable blue flannel and brass buttons.

A strange feeling which I was powerless to control, swept over me at the sight of him.

He was standing a little way from me talking very learnedly with one of the ship's officers about "trade winds," and "latitudes," and "soundings," etc, etc.; but he seemed to become suddenly aware of the intense gaze which I had fixed upon him, for he looked up.

Would he know me?

He started, flushed, hesitated doubtfully until I gave him a little smiling nod; then took off his hat with an expression of such radiant satisfaction that his companion looked with some curiosity in my direction.

That night we were overtaken by a terrible storm which crippled our vessel so that it was impossible to control her; and after drifting for hours at the mercy of the elements, she struck upon some ledges which skirted an island.

When it became evident that the ship was sinking, a panic seized many of the passengers and the officers had all they could do to keep them from swamping the boats as fast as they were lowered.

When I reached the deck with one of my little pupils clinging wildly about my neck, I saw my Commodore assisting frightened women and children into the boats.

He looked the personification of coolness, and my own courage rose at the sight of him, although many around me were shrieking wildly, and many others sprung into the sea only to be swallowed up by the hungry waves.

"Try to be brave, my darling," I said to little Nellie, as I gave her into her father's arms.

His wife was beside him with their other little girl, who cried out:

"Save Miss Annie, papa!"

Mr. Burton looked back at me.

"I will come back for you, if possible Miss Lynde," he said.

I made no answer, for the swaying crowd swept them away from me, and the tumult was too great for my voice to be heard.

For a little while I stood alone, and then John Dexter was beside me, buckling a life-preserver around me with deft fingers.

"There's no room in the boats for us, my girl," he said quietly, "but you are a sailor's daughter, and need not fear a salt water bath."

"What must I do?" I faltered.

"You have only to keep quiet and trust to me. There will be no danger if you do not struggle. I am going to swim to the shore with you. When we strike the water you must hold fast to my shoulder—the preserver will be a help to both of us. Remember not to cling about my neck. I will surely save you. I am a good swimmer, and we are not far from the shore."

He threw off his hat, coat and boots as he spoke, and taking my hand, led me to the side of the vessel.

I endeavored to obey him. His quiet, matter-of-fact voice gave me a strength and courage which I know was not natural.

I remember thinking, as we stood there hand in hand, waiting a proper time to make our leap into the raging water about us, that my Commodore was a splendid looking man, with his steady, dark eyes, and magnificent beard sweeping his broad chest. He did not seem rude, or insolent, or ridiculous to me then; the bluff manner, the queer speech, the big hands and the brass buttons were all forgotten in the conviction that my Commodore was a hero.

"Now little woman!" he called, as a great, hissing wave swept back from the doomed vessel; and over we went.

It seemed to me that we were in the water hours, but it was only a short time, though I was thoroughly exhausted and unable to stand when we reached the shore.

For twenty-four hours the "Columbia's" survivors were huddled upon the rocky atom of land awaiting rescue.

It was worth something to see John Dexter, minus coat, hat and boots, encouraging weary, fainting women, dandling crying babies, quieting frightened children.

"Who is that man?" asked one forlorn mother. "He is an angel!"

This appellation for my Commodore amused me exceedingly; but I kept growing prouder and prouder of him all the time.

We were rescued at last by a homeward bound vessel.

One evening, when we were nearing New York, I took occasion to thank him for his bravery, and to apologize for my foolish estimate of him long before.

He listened to me uneasily for a while, but at last broke out abruptly:

"Stow all that, little woman; it sounds as if you were saying good-by. I wish——" Here he sighed profoundly and tugged at his beard with one brawny hand. "I wish we might always sail together. If you remember, I said something like that to you once before, but you didn't seem to take to the notion."

"I did not know you then," I explained, laughing a little, and turning aside my flushing face.

With his two great hands upon my shoulders, he turned me to the right-about, looking at me with big, honest eyes,

"See here, my girl," he said gravely, "I don't know anything about the fine ways of the world, but I have loved you tender and true since the first day I laid eyes on you. I don't follow the sea now; I have a snug little bit of money laid up, so that I can give my wife a comfortable home. Will you have me?"

Would I not? Was I not the happiest woman in the universe when he kissed me?

I am his wife now, but I do not allow him to wear blue flannel and brass buttons.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.

Two microscopists, Dr. Nussbaum and Dr. Gruber, have artificially multiplied infusoria by cutting them in halves, each half becoming a perfectly developed animal.

Evil thoughts, those birds of ill-omen may alight anywhere, but you may be sure they never stay where they are unwelcome. Some things, at least, are optional with you, and neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil can compel you to entertain unholy thoughts or desires, if you do not choose to do so.

Summer at Sea.

'Tis dark but ih the distant eastern sky,
The chill gray light of early dawn is breaking;
Night's twinkling luminaries pale on high.
Yon fleecy cloud an orient tinge is taking

Now the long night's dark reign has neared its end.
Scarce is the breeze the slumbering ocean blushing;
A rosy hue the waking East is flushing.
Where seem the waters with the sky to blend.

Now from the horizon carmine streaks ascend;
The smooth yet ever restless sea is blushing;
Now o'er its breast the golden light is rushing.
Far as those paths of liquic fire extend,

In splendor now the sun, monarch of day.
His head uprears, and sets the sea ablaze;
Illumes the trackless ocean with his light;
Assumes in royal state. imperial sway;
Darts o'er the sparkling waves his gorgeous rays,
And ushers in another morning bright.

PERE LEFORT.

It was in a little French fishing village on the Normandy coast that I eard the story. Idly stroiling around he place one day I came upon the buying ground. A lovely, dreamy spot, with its quaint old headstones and neglected graves, its buried human sorrows and its living joys of nature. Further and beyond the graveyard, on a little eminence overlooking the sea, stood a marble shaft. Handsomer than any of the other stones, yet there was something pathetic in its loneliness. Drawing near I found this line:

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

No name no date. Truly a strange inscription to find over an unconsecrated grave in a Normandy fishing village.

As I turned to go I noticed an old man coming toward me with flowers in his hand. I waited till he had lain them on the grave and then spoke.

"My friend," I said, "can you tell me who lies here?"

He looked at me curiously for a moment.

"One of the noblest men God ever made, monsieur—Victor Lefort."

"Yes? Then why is he buried here and not in a graveyard? Can you tell me?"

"None better, monsieur. There are not many left now to whom Victor Lefort is more than a name."

He seated himself by the grave as he spoke, and I followed the example.

"The man who lies here, monsieur, was my dearest friend," he continued patting the grave with his hand. "He and I were boys together. One was never seen without the other till Victor's father began to send him to the Pere Petit's to study for a priest. Among us poor fishing folks, monsieur, it is thought a great thing to be a priest. We are all proud of Victor. Even Pere Petit himself said he had never seen such a clever boy.

"The time came for him to go to Paris to be ordained. I shall never forget the morning he went away. We came to this very spot and sat for a long time in silence watching the fishermen mending their nets down on the beach, just as they are doing now, and the dim little specks in the distance that we knew were the boats gone out to the fishing.

"Suddenly he turned to me.

"Jean,' he said, 'when I die I should like to be buried here. Don't you think it makes a difference where one is buried? I am sure I would be happier if I could know the blue water was close by, and that each little wave as it came rolling by was crested with the sun's gold.'

"Victor was a curious boy. I always laughed at him when he talked like that. Sometimes he got very angry with me. I have no doubt I was terribly trying; but to-day he just put his arms about my neck, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes. Ah! but he was handsome. A fresh wind was blowing that kept his curly brown hair tossing about his face, and the big gray eyes with tears glistening in them. Oh! *mon Dieu!* what eyes! Why monsieur, when he was thinking it seemed as if they saw into eternity."

The old man paused and turned away his face to hide his emotion. After all the years, for a moment he was a boy, and lived the past over again. Everything around was the same as then; nothing but himself had altered. Sky and earth and ocean were all unchanged. The very people on the beach might have been the same, for they were too far off to see their faces. Some fishermen were hoisting the sails to their boat, and the wind carried to the hilltops snatches of the songs they were singing. It was a mournful song, and the sound of it seemed to rouse the old man from his reverie.

"That was the last time," he went on, "that I saw Victor Lefort for many, many years. He went to Paris, and was ordained. Soon after his father received a letter saying that he was to be sent to America. Priests of the true religion were wanted there; he had been called and must obey.

"His father went to Paris to bid him good-bye, but with me it was different. I had no money for such a journey. Even Henri Lefort himself went much of the way on foot. It was hard to have Victor go without one final word of parting. Go to a strange country across the cruel, changing seas; and no one knows so well as the fishing folks how cruel and changing the sea can be.

"When Henri Lefort returned from Paris he brought me a note from Victor saying that he was to sail for a place in America called New Orleans, and that was the last I heard of him for fifteen years.

"Fifteen years is a long time, monsieur, and change is rapid. Not long after Victor left me I married. I was very lonesome without him and needed some one to comfort me. But the good God saw fit to take Marie and the little one, so that I was more lonesome than ever.

One day Victor came back to me. I was sitting here watching the fishing boats when I turned and found him beside me.

"'Jean,' he said, putting his hand on my shoulder, in the old loving way, 'do you know me after all the years? Are you glad to see me again?'

"Of course I knew him. But oh! *mon Dieu!* how he had changed! He was handsomer than ever, but his eyes—I never in my life, monsieur, saw such a look in any human creature's eyes. It was as if all the misery and unhappiness in the world looked out of them.

"I never asked him what his life in America had been, but after a little he told me, and I wept to think what he must have suffered.

"When he reached New Orleans he reported to the bishop, and was made cure of St. Catherine's chapel.

"For years he did his duty as well as any man could, and then he met the woman who worked his ruin.

"It came about in this way: Among the people who were under his care was a Catholic gentleman who had converted his wife and his mother-in-law to the true religion. But, alas! his wife's sister, a Mademoiselle Rose, refused to be converted. Monsieur Linton came to Victor.

"'Pere Lefort,' he said; 'will you not talk to my sister sometimes? I am sure she will listen to you, and as a priest you will know better what to say to her than I do.'

"What she looked like, monsieur, I cannot tell you: but even Pere Petit's picture of the Holy Virgin, Victor said, was not half so beautiful as this Mademoiselle Rose.

"As a priest he was welcomed by her friends at all times; Mademoisle herself seemed always glad to see him. For hours they would be left alone together, but thinking over afterwards what they had said he found that when he had spoken of religion she had changed the subject, and in some way he always forgot to return to it. This should have warned him, monsieur, but he was a priest. It never occurred to him until too late that a priest is but a man after all, with weaknesses like the rest of us.

"Fancy his hurrying through his duties to go to her. Dreaming of her all night and thinking of her all day, with her face constantly floating before him, and then not seeing the danger he was in, not knowing that he was falling in love with her.

"I do not blame the girl, monsieur; she never knew anything about it. He was simply a kind friend to her—nothing more.

"At last the awakening came, and a very little thing brought it about. It is always a little thing that brings on a crisis. She had walked to the garden gate with him, and pausing with her hand on the latch—

"'Pere Lefort,' she said, "I feel so sorry for priests, their lives seem so lonely and loveless. Do you always find religion satisfactory?'

"That was the question that awoke him. In a moment he realized that to him religion was as nothing compared to the love of this one woman. Without answering he pushed past her and hurried away.

"All night long my poor Victor wandered up and down, fighting for the mastery of his love—a love that for him was sinful and wicked, but which another man might welcome as a blessing. That was the thought which maddened him—his never being able to speak one word of love to her. To think if he were but like other men he might win this angel of light for his own. But to a priest to whom thought of woman never comes, what could he do?

"The air still seemed filled with her voice; 'Was religion satisfactory?'

"No, a thousand times no! Religion without love—what was it, after all? A shell, a dry husk. The body without the soul. Better the soul for a moment than the body for a lifetime. Thus he reasoned, if one so mad as my Victor that night could reason.

"When morning came he found that he had walked far out into the country. All the world was waking up around him, and he sat down to wait for the sunrise. I do not know how that is in your country, monsieur, but with us it is *le bon Dieu's* portion of the day.

"When the sun rose the next morning it shone on a man who, still young in years, had parted from his youth forever—whose face was stern and set with a terrible resolve. That very day he sent his resignation to the pope.

"Think, monsieur, what my poor Victor must have suffered to do a thing like that, for the pope will never accept a resignation from a priest and allow him to remain in the church. He knew that he was disgraced for life, and that he had brought it upon himself, willingly, with his own hand.

"Was there ever a woman worth the sacrifice he had made?

"He determined not to speak to her until he was free, so he kept away, fearing to trust himself in her presence.

"It was not long he had to wait, but it seemed like eternity. After his excitement and sending the resignation a reaction took place. He saw things more clearly and in their true light; saw that, perhaps, after all he had thrown away the substance for the shadow.

"Yet so mad was he about this girl he did not regret what he had done. His own love for her was so absorbing, so great that he never thought about her not caring for him.

"When he poured forth the story of his love he thought it must awake the same passion in her, as the wind awakes the sea from its calm.

"After awhile the sentence came, and my poor mad Victor actually received it with joy. Excommunication and disgrace forever he counted as nothing, now that he was free.

"It was at evening he went to her. Twice, he told me, he had to stop on the way to rest. A great fear seemed to take hold on him.

"She met him with a little cry of delight.

"'I am so glad you have come, Pere Lefort!'

"He sighed as she called his name. You see, he had no right to it now. Still holding her hand, the words of love he feared to speak trembled on his lips.

"'Mademoiselle,' he began.

"'Pere Lefort,' she interrupted, 'I am in trouble. Will you help me? You remember Monsieur Louis? He loves me, but my mother forbids it. Will you make her understand how good, how noble he is?'

"He did not answer her; perhaps he had not heard the question.

"'Child,' he said, and there was a wonderful longing and sadness in his voice. 'Do you love him, this Monsieur Louis?'

"She looked at him with eyes full of astonishment.

"'Love him?' she repeated; 'love him? Yes, with all my heart.'

"A gust of wind swept by and blew open the window, scattering some papers over the floor. He pi ked them up one by one and laid them on the table. It seemed as if years had passed while he was doing it.

"'Mademoiselle,' he said with a smile, 'I will help you if I can, but now I must go; my people are wanting me.'

"How he passed that night he would not tell me. Next day he saw her mother and used all his influence in favor of this Monsieur Louis. In the end he was successful.

"It was the punishment of his sin, and he drank the bitter cup drop by drop, till the end of his life.

"He left America at once and went to England. If they knew of his disgrace he never found out. In the American papers he saw the marriage of Mademoiselle Rose to Monsieur Louis, and then a few months later her death.

"After that he came back to France. Ah! *mon Dieu!* if he had never left it! There is his story, monsieur, in almost Victor's own words, as he told it to me.

"I took him to my own home and for a short time he lived in peace. But a man may never escape from his disgrace in this world. It is always sure to follow and find him out.

"So it was with Victor. The people heard he was no longer in the church and shunned him as though he was the plague. Ah! how patiently he bore all! I weep now to think of it.

"Wherever there was sickness or sorrow there was Victor. At first the people refused his help and drove him away, but bit by bit they learned to know his goodness. Slow work, though slow work.

Something happened, however, that opened their eyes when it was too late.

"It was a bitter night in January. A stiff breeze had been blowing all day, and as night came on it grew to a hurricane. About 10 o'clock we were startled by hearing people running past the house and shouting to each other. Hurrying out we found nearly the whole village gathered on the shore watching a vessel of some sort that was on the rocks and not fifty yards away.

As well as I could make out in the darkness it seemed to be a pleasure yacht. Between the shore and the rocks such a sea was running that nothing could live in it. Several boats were launched, but they all swamped or were beaten back. The vessel was rapidly breaking up and once in the lull of the wind we heard a woman's voice calling for help.

"Suddenly a man stepped from the crowd, fastened a rope about his waist, and, giving directions to the men how to hold it, jumped into that raging, foaming sea.

"It was done so quickly I did not see the man, but I knew—my heart told me. Breathlesly we watched him borne on from wave to wave till he reached the vessel. At last the rope was fastened, and every soul saved but one.

"For hours I waited. The sun rose, and wind and sea grew still. Not a trace was left of their night's work.

"Long before I had lost all hope and knew well what I was watching for, still when it came—ah! monsieur, I cannot tell you what I felt.

"They carried him home and all the village followed, weeping for him. Now that he was gone they knew his worth. It is always the way, *mon ami*, always the way.

"The people he had saved were all English, and they gave this monument; but he died outside the church, so he is buried here.

"My story is finished monsieur. It won't be long now before I meet him. The priest may say what he pleases, but but I know that my friend's soul is in heaven.

"Going, monsieur? Well, it is getting late. No, don't thank me; it has done me good to talk about him. He was very dear to me, monsieur, very dear."

Joseph Arch in Parliament.

Almost everybody has heard of Joseph Arch, the sturdy English farm-laborer and farm-laborers' friend and advocate. Few have done more or so much to stir the stagnant masses of English rural labor. Himself grown to manhood and married before he learned to read, Arch has sought unweariedly to raise his class, both socially and intellectually. He has induced many to learn to read. He has coaxed many away from the village tavern. He has taught his fellows how much strength there is in union, and how much can be accomplished, even by the feeble, if they work with a will and work all together. And now this whilom serf, toiling to support his wife and children on some $4 a week or less, finds himself by the suffrages of the men of Norfolk a member of the proudest and the strongest legislative assembly in the world. And he is not alone. Some ten or a dozen labor representatives are members of the lately-elected British parliament, and they are all men of high character and marked intelligence. Joseph Arch opposed Lord Henry Bentinck, a wealthy and influential tory, who has as blue blood as the old servant of William III. could transmit to his descendants; but in spite of the blood, wealth, and influence of his opponent, Joseph Arch stood at the head of the poll by a majority of 640.

In many parts of Norway and Sweden are vast accumulations of moss, half-decayed, and often more than a foot in thickness. Recently it has been found that this moss may be turned to very good account in the manufacture of paper and mill-board. More than this, compressed blocks of moss are found to be much harder than many woods, and may be cut and polished.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water, and apply with a coarse brush, and dry thoroughly.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE CLOSED.

The Career of a Man Well Known in the Sporting World.

Captain Samuel H Smithers, well known to sporting men, died recently in Detroit of typhoid neumonia after an illness of only a few days. He has led an unusually eventful life. He was born in Gallipolis, Ohio, and was about 60 years old. Before attaining his twenty-first year he was a pilot on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, running between Pittsburg and New Orleans. At 25 he was part owner and captain of a packet on the Mississippi, and he followed steamboating on the Western rivers until the breaking out of the war, except for one or two years, in which he was insurance inspector for a wrecking company in Pittsburg. Early in the sixties he was located in Cincinnati, having disposed of his vessel interests, and for a while he made money by watching the opportunities that opened in the exciting state of affairs of the country. A United States Army Paymaster named Cook stopped in Cincinnati on his way West to army headquarters one day and fell in with Smithers and a companion, one Fisher. Through them Cook got admission to a faro den kept by "Baldy" Lewis and Jim Conliss, old-time gamblers. The paymaster had $300,000 in money belonging to the government with him, and before he parted with his new acquaintances he lost the entire amount. There was nothing positive to show that all of the money was lost in the faro den—Cook himself having been drunk most of the time and unable to recollect anything—but it was generally believed that the money was divided between Smithers, Fisher and the keepers of the faro room. The upshot of the affair was that Cook was cashiered. Smithers skipped to Windsor to avoid arrest on a Government warrant. He was in Windsor some months, but along in the last years of the war he crossed to Detroit on the secret assurance from the military authorities here that he would not be molested. He was arrested by a United States Marshal on the old charge, but was subsequently released by order of the War Department. His immunity from arrest was in consideration of valuable information he learned from rebel fugitives in Canada, and which he imparted to the Government. It is also said that he paid back a few thousand dollars on account of Paymaster's Cook's loss. At any rate he was not afterward bothered about the matter.

In 1864, believing the war was a failure, he exchanged all his paper for gold and went to France with a model for a steam ram designed for war purposes, taking his money, about $100,000 in gold, with him. He traveled all over Europe, introducing his model, until the fall of Richmond was announced, when, knowing that gold would depreciate, he abandoned the model, returned to the United States and converted his coin into paper. He owned several horses in the seventies, with records of 2:30 and under, and regularly every season, up to a few years ago he followed large circuits in the East, West and South. He was a heavy better, and his winnings and losses at single meetings often ran up into the thousands. He was also at intervals a curbstone broker here For several winters, up to two years ago, he was a lobbyist at Washington, with considerable success. He was arrested a few years ago on a charge of murdering a young girl named Ida Jacobs of Norwalk, Ohio, who had been ruined there and fled to this city to hide her shame, where she fell in with Smithers, who befriended her and afterward kept her as his mistress for a considerable time. At last tiring of her, he had a quarrel with her one day when they were alone. A shot was heard, and the girl was found dead. He claimed it was a case of suicide, and, as they were alone, nothing could be proved, and he went free.

Captain Smithers was over 6 feet in height, thin, big boned, slightly stooped and weighed not over 145 pounds. Though never physically strong, he was a man of unusual courage and coolness, and among the sporting fraternity was recognized as a bad man to fool with. A widow survives him. He leaves about $30,000 worth of property mostly real estate.

The Canine Sheep Herder.

The agent of a New Mexico ranchman paid his semi-annual visit to a distant grazing ground only to find the sheep herder dead and the sheep quietly feeding in a fertile canyon near by, jealously guarded by his dog. In the rear of the corral, into which the sheep were driven every night, lay the skeletons of a dozen or more sheep. Astonished at the sagacity of the dog the ranchman secreted himself and waited until night. As the sun began to sink the sheep came trooping in with the dog in the rear. They crowded into the corral through a narrow opening, and as the last one pushed forward the dog seized and killed him and dragged the lifeless body to the rear of the corral, where he made a comfortable supper off a portion of the carcass, leaving the balance for future meals. He had been doing this ever since the death of his master, and would probably have continued his guardianship over the flock until he died.

From the solar eclipse of September 8, the central line of which passed over a part of New Zealand, near Cook's Strait, it is expected that the cause of the corona will be disclosed through the labors of Australian astronomers.

Few people are able to calculate the distance at which objects may be seen at sea; but it is not a difficult matter when their respective elevations and the elevation of the eye of the observer are known. For instance, an object five feet high may be seen two and a half miles (geographical); fifty feet high, eight miles; a hundred feet high, eleven and a half miles; two hundred feet high, sixteen and a quarter miles; five hundered feet high, twenty-five and a half miles; a thousand feet high, thirty-six and a quarter miles away. As an example, a tower a hundred and twenty feet high will be visible, to an observer whose eye is elevated fifteen feet above the water, seventeen nautical miles.

WHERE THE POOR DINE.

The Strange Idioms and Customs of Waiters in the Famous Bowery Beaneries.

The beanery waiter is far different from the ordinary variety. He does not obtain or expect any tips, and consequently he maintains a high standard of self-respect. If the customer orders anything in an arbitrary tone of voice the waiter will sarcastically ask him to repeat it and for a waiter to deign to converse with a customer is condescension indeed. The technicalities of the beanery are all its own, and it is not until one has become accustomed to it that he is able to appreciate it. For instance, if a customer orders beef and beans and coffee, the waiter cries to the man behind the counter; "Beef and one!" If the order had been ham, and beans and coffee, the waiter would have called; "Ham-and and one." "And" means beans, and coffee is called "one," because it is easier than to say "one cup of coffee."

A popular dainty sold in these restaurants is a species of biscuit called a butter cake, but best known as "a sinker," in a sarcastic recognition of the fact that it is somewhat heavier than lead. The proprietor is not hurt if his wares are called sinkers, but recognizes the title, and half of the customers order them by this name from the waiters. Three of these cakes cost five cents. They are served hot and eaten with butter.

If the customer orders coffee and cakes the waiter shouts the direction: "Three out and one!" If two men order the same he cries; "Six out on two and two," meaning "six cakes on two plates and two cups of coffee." The customer who likes his beans well done and tells the waiter his preference hears the shout; "Beef-and plenty o' tops," the beans at the top of the kettle being cooked the most, and hence the word "tops."

A customer who is in a hurry and does not want to be obliged to wait for his coffee to cool only has to inform the waiter, who calls for "coffee just right," and sufficient milk is put in it to bring it to the desired temperature. Order fried eggs and the directions to the cook are; "Put on one," and if eggs with hash are desired—a favorite dish, by the way, in the beaneries—the shout is; "Brown the hash—fry two on top!"

Moving Time.

Birds have their regular moving-time, as uniform as many other householders, but they have the advantage of being their own furniture vans, and not having anything to move but themselves. Blessed birds! Who would not be a bird when they have to change and make a new home; and yet, it is some trouble to them. Nearly all birds are migratory, but some, as the sparrow and robin, remain with us during the Winter, but even they, with rare exceptions, love to change their nests, and either make new ones out and out, or tear their old ones to pieces, and freshen them up. Their instinct tells them when to get ready to leave the warm climate where they have been spending the Winter, and by some understanding they all start together on their journey, sometimes of hundreds of miles, over land and over seas, for their Summer home. April is the time when most birds prepare to move. Their preparation consists mainly of talking it over and deciding when it shall be done. Having cleaned their wings, quill by quill, and oiled their bodies from a little sack which birds always carry on their back, their preparations are made. Some birds, like the members of the Summer yellow bird family, stop half way on their journey from the south to the far north, and build nests, but these pay us very short visits, only long enough to rear one brood of young until they can fly away with them. Wild fowls, like the wild goose, sometimes travel 400 miles in a day, and when tired will rest on the masts and spars of vessels, and often help each other. If the young or any tender ones lag behind, a stronger bird flies under it, and carries it for a while on its back. The little birds, too, often alight on the back of the larger species they may meet on their journey, and thus get a free ride, and a rest. Sailors often find little quivering used-up birds on the decks of their vessels, who are too tired to move, but their bright eyes watch everything and they are sure to be petted back to strength again, for sailors are always kind. Some birds seem to like moving their nests for the sake of change, others for their greater safety, and some will build different nests for each brood, even in the same room. The robin has been known to build four different nests within a very small space during the Summer. Do you remember our once explaining how and why birds can fly? Their bones are all hollow, and so are the quills of their wings and feathers. The more soft down birds have, like owls, for instance, the less distance and height they can fly, but the more bone and wing, like the eagle, the higher and farther they can fly. Like the boat in the water, they are kept afloat because they are hollow and lighter than the same space they occupy would be if of air or water. To repeat—a solid chunk of either water or air would be a great deal heavier than the same size of bird, so of course boats and birds float in either. With a flap of their wings birds give themselves a start through the air, and then the air, instead of keeping them down by its weight of fifteen pounds to the inch, as it does everything else, helps to buoy them up. When birds want to descend they have only to shut up their wings, and then, as they take up less space, they drop.

BAKED CUSTARDS.—One quart of milk, four eggs, five tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten with the eggs, nutmeg and two tablespoonfuls flavoring extract. Scald the milk, pour upon the other ingredients, stir together well, flavor and pour into stone-china cups. Set these in a pan of hot water, grate nutmeg upon each and bake until firm. Eat cold from the cups.

A HINT TO WIVES.

They are Advised to Dress to Please Their Husbands.

Many married women lose all pride of personal appearance when in the privacy of their own homes. The husband goes on and dresses just as he did before marriage. And the matter of dress has much to do with the subject. It is one of the illusions that we must have to make life enjoyable. But a wife says she is poor and can not dress well. Every woman is well dressed who is dressed in good taste, and good taste descends to calico and a white apron. Not even Carlyle in the mystifications of "Sartor Resartus" got down to the true philosophy of clothes. He never explained the charm of good dress. The difference between clothes and no clothes at all is not as great as the difference between good clothes and bad clothes, for the latter disfigure and distort what nature has already done. Women can dress better than men. They have greater variety of styles and colors to drow on, and fashion always permits them a wide range. There is no reason why a married woman of even "moderate circumstances" should not be well dressed at home as well as abroad. But how many women are there who study the art of dressing well at home? They buy slippers and smoking-jackets and studying gowns for their husbands, while they themselves wander about in untidy, scare crow neglige. Perhaps it is true that even "rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake," but they ought to be clean—and so ought the wearer, otherwise virtue loses half of its charm. Many a wife is pained to observe the waning interest in her husband without suspecting why or how, when, in truth, the trouble is traceable to a little negligence on her part as to her personal appearance. She assumes that he is no longer impressed or influenced by the mere appearance of things. She attires the children in their best for him to see and admire, while she herself sits by a spectacle of unlovely carelessness. Beloved reader, do you not call up many a picture like this where the well meaning and really devoted housewife foregoes all personal adorments in her efforts to adorn the other members of her family? There is where she makes a mistake. She ought to adorn herself as well as the others.

AN OLD MAN'S SAD STORY.

Gray-Haired Adolph Cohen tells of his False Step and its Retribution.

With a slow and tottering step gray-haired Adolph Cohen entered the Yorkville Court, New York, recently, and faced his young wife Minnie to answer her charge of abandonment. The young woman could easily have been the grand-daughter of her husband, who had an unkempt beard and well-worn clothing, while his accuser wore a seal-skin sacque, diamond earrings and carried a gold-headed umbrella.

"I am nearly 70 years old," said the defendant, "and at one time was worth a fortune. I was born in Germany and there I met my first wife. We lived happily together and she helped me to save my earnings. When I came to New York I opened an upholstery and furnishing store on One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Third avenue. In a short time I lost all I had and moved to St. Louis. By careful saving I got together some money from a restaurant and again came to New York. From what I learned in the west I decided to try the meat business and I opened a little store on Forty-fourth street. My wife and daughter helped me and I started another place on the corner of Leonard and Elm streets, and for a time did the largest business in New York. I continued to make money until my wife took sick five years ago.

"When she could not do the work at home and my daughter got married to Detective Oaks there was no one to help her. I engaged a young girl named Minnie Grauel, who had just come over from Germany. It was the beginning of my trouble. My wife continued to be sick, and I paid attentions to this young girl. Finally we eloped to Paris, leaving my wife here. I turned most of my property into cash. In Paris we lived expensively, and Minnie had all the money she could spend. She bought diamonds and dresses and wasted my fortune like water. Two years ago I learned that my poor wife was dead, and then I married the woman here. We came back to New York, but my money was all gone. The only thing I had left was a house in Mount Vernon, for which I had paid $3,000. This I gave to my daughter, and she took me home with her. I have nothing more. It is all gone. If I could support my wife I would do so. Recently I met with an old friend and customer of mine in the St, Stephens Hotel on Eleventh street. I borrowed $50 of him and gave it to Minnie. This was all I could give her, because she has spent my fortune."

Justice Smith listened to the old man's story and asked if there was any one present who knew him. Roundsman Muldoon said that he had known him for a great many years and believed that his story was true. The Judge then dismissed the case and the old man tottered out of Court.

M. Pclommikoff, Professor of Botany at Moscow, has discovered upon the banks of the Oka, in the neighborhood of that city, a wild aquatic plant of the same kind as that which excited so much attention among the botanists of western Europe when it made its appearance there half a century ago. This plant, the Elodea Canadensis, was first discovered in the rivers of Canada at the beginning of the century. In Germany it is called the Wasserpest the vegetation of this plant being so rapid that under favorable condition as to soil and climate it soon forms such a dense tangle of leaves and stems as to make navigation impossible.

Lieut. Greely believes that there is an ocean 1500 miles in diameter round about the pole, that never freezes, and conjectures that the pole itself is the centre of an ice-capped land covered with ice from 1000 to 4000 feet thick. These conclusions are rejected by prominent Arctic authorities in England.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MARCH 3 1886.

A MANDARIN AT HOME.

A LADY TRAVELER'S OBSERVATIONS IN THE CITY OF CANTON.

Excursion to the Mountains—Visit to Mrs. Mandarin No. 1—In a Private Place of Worship—Acres and Acres of Houses—Reverence Shown to Ancestors.

The American consulate is on Shamin (Shameeh, as pronounced), an island in the midst of the Canton of industry and spreading population, which extends on both sides for miles along the Pearl river. Consul Seymour was for several years editor and proprietor of The LaCrosse Republican. For the last three years he has been a favorite, constant friend and official protector of every American in or about Canton. He has the respect of the Chinese, a sensitive and touchy people. He came one Monday morning, with sedan chairs and a quotum of chair-bearers, who wore a consulate uniform. He brought an extra servant or two, and lunches luscious, and gave us an excursion to "the White Clouds." These are hills or young mountains a few miles out of Canton. They command thirty-mile views of lately unknown China.

There is a monastery of monks of Buddha just below the summit of the White Clouds, built into the incipient ravine between two descending branches of the mountains; the sides of the aperture forming the solid walls of the monastery. In the dining-room of Buddha's priests we ate our lunch. It was served on the loveliest of eastern porcelain. We saw on the way the superior cultivation of the ground, the complete, laborious irrigation, and the plowing, of which the wooden yoke rested against the hump of the Oriental ox or cow, and thus need not go under the neck.

A VISIT TO MRS. MANDARIN NO. 1.

Later we went to the wonderful, and as roomy and intricate as the largest castle or convent, ancestral habitation of the Flowgna family. Five hundred persons have a home within its well-built walls. The mandarin who is the present head of the family received us with great warmth, and even invited the consul to enter the extensive rooms where was madam—madam No. 1, for the matrimonial customs are polygamic.

Yet Mrs. Mandarin, the No. 1, is deferred to, and even served, by all her combinal associates. The consul declined the honor, as he thought he should. But the mandarin urged, "Oh, yes; can go in, when very, very friend." But the consul did not accept, and the mandarin took me through intricate corridors with high walls, until he brought me to Mrs. Mandarin, who arose on her little feet and greeted me very pleasantly. She was in fine toilet and seemed to be very cheerful, and at peace. Other women and children were numerous, but only to her was I presented.

I was then taken to the—I should call it a temple, or private chapel—consecrated to Buddha or the like. I should have recognized it any where for a place of worship, from the altar, the lights, etc., resembling nearly enough for religious identification, the Roman Catholic santuaries. The tone of the place was very still, dark and reverential. Beyond it was another religious room—a chapel I might term it also—in which the mandarin pointed to the portraits inlaid in the wall, back of the altar. This place I immediately identified as the ancestral religious hall, so dear, so frequented, and carefully preserved by Chinese.

We returned to the festive place of reception where Mr. Seymour had remained, and where we had been served with tea as soon as we arrived. It was a several-sided place, the half of it uninclosed except by an elegant, elaborate Chinese railway; it looked upon a lotus pond of—I should think—two or three acres. At this season, December, the large leaves rested on their long stems, all looking dry and dead, and lily there was none.

ACRES AND ACRES OF HOUSES.

In going in, and by another way, passing out of this family residence, we seemed to pass acres of houses, or united houses, all built in the best manner. Their excellent quality of brick and plumb brick-laying we do not exceed. The plan was secluded and compact. We went through narrow passages to labyrinthicinely situated courts. No windows in the blank, high walls revealed anything. It takes but a generation, or two, or three, to accumulate a family large enough to be conveniently situated in such a home, where a man has around him his first wife and several secondary wives, and is blessed with children by each one—blessed only if they are boys, who in turn surround themselves each with as many more. Each lady pair of little feet must be provided with a corps of servants, large and fleet-foot maids, nurses, cooks, waiters, messengers, etc.

And when the older parents die out posterity are clustered reverentially and with feelings in common of interest and of religious affection. The attention to ancestral altars, portraits, and tablets, the periodical ceremonies in their memory, seem like another version of masses for the repose of the dead and prayers to the saints. All this and much more I could not have had the memorable pleasure of actually seeing, as well as reading about, but for the kindness of the American representative, whose daily bearing among the Chinese has secured their respect and elevates the prestige of the star-spangled flag that drapes Mr. Seymour's door.—Foreign Cor. Inter Ocean.

Poorest Sticks on the Cruise.

Often at Annapolis those cadets making the highest percentage in their classes are the poorest kind of sticks on the cruise. The bad effects of the forcing process at Annapolis have been shown in a startling manner lately. One of the most prominent naval surgeons in the country mentioned that some time ago he had no less than seven recent graduates of the naval academy on his hands, all suffering from some form of anæmia. "Fine young fellows they were," he said, "but all with their brains worked out and their blood as white as water. The brightest man of the lot I kept alive for eighty days after graduation—then he died from too much naval academy. The others pulled through some way, but they will never amount to much." It is on the best and brightest that this terrible system works its most fearful results.—Annapolis Cor. Chicago News.

Alarming Increase of Wolves and Coyotes.

The gradual extinction of the buffalo is being followed up by an alarming increase in the depredations of wolves upon the sheep and cattle ranges. Both the gray wolf and coyote are fast becoming more numerous. The sheep have suffered for some time from their ravages, and now the cattle are attacked. One pack of gray wolves within fifty mile of Fort McLeod has been known to attack and pull down steers 2 years old. Coyotes follow fiercer animals, and are satisfied with what they leave or with the smaller calves.—Boston Budget.

A CONFEDERATE SPY

WHO PLAYED THE PART OF A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.

Arrested and Carried Off to the Guard-House—The Ordeal Undergone at the Office of the Provost Marshal—Some Surprising Tests—Turned Loose

When Gen. Early made his great raid on Washington I was scouting between his advance and the city, and was captured within the city limits twenty-four hours before his battle-flags appeared in sight. I was dressed in citizen's clothes, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and claimed to have been driven out of Richmond, because I had written threatening letters to Jefferson Davis.

I had been inside the fortifications for half a day, and was slowly walking out, when a couple of young men, both of whom were considerably the worse for liquor, halted me and wanted to fight. I had a pencil and a block of paper with me, and I wrote:

"I am deaf and dumb."

That made no difference with them. Indeed, they declared that it would be a novel idea to lick a deaf and dumb man, and one of them gave me a cuff on the ear.

In those days I weighed 160 pounds and had the muscle of a prize fighter. I tried to get away from them without further trouble, but when they seemed determined to have a row I gave them all they wanted, and wasn't many minutes about it. A crowd of soldiers and civilians collected, the provost guard came up, and the result was as I had anticipated. I was arrested and carried off to a guard-house. One of the young men, who afterward turned out to be related to a member of the cabinet, followed me to the office of the provost marshal and charged me with being a spy. No one seemed to entertain a doubt that I was deaf and dumb, as I claimed, and my examination was carried on in writing. I was asked my name, age, when born and a hundred other questions, and then searched. They found nothing on me of a criminating nature, and I reasoned that I would be detained until after the excitement had passed and then turned loose.

NEARLY THROWN OFF HIS GUARD.

After being detained three days an officer entered my quarters one morning and said to me:

"Well, dummy, you can pack up and get out."

The minute I heard his step outside I was on my guard, but he spoke in such a natural tone that I came near giving myself away. On three different occasions during the war I played the part of a deaf and dumb man, and I tell you it takes all the nerve and presence of mind a man can call up. I sat facing the door, and, while I heard his words, I made no movement. He came closer to me and said:

"Come, pack up your traps, you are to be turned loose."

I looked him straight in the eyes without winking, and after a bit a look of chagrin stole over his face and he motioned for me to follow him. He took me to the provost marshal's office, and I was ushered into a private room where the marshal and three or four other officials were seated. On the way to the office, as we crossed a wide street the officer suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a runaway horse—look out!"

If I hadn't been expecting some such thing on his part I must have betrayed myself. As I gave no sign, continuing on with my head down, I heard him growling:

"They think they've got a sucker, but they'll find out their mistake!"

I entered the office, knowing that every trick would be resorted to to break me down, and my nerves were braced as if to charge a battery of artillery. I was left standing by the door for a moment, when one of the officials looked up and quietly said:

"Take a seat, sir, and we'll attend to you in a moment."

I made no move, but looked around the room in a stupid sort of way. I was looking out of the window on to a roof when the same official said:

"You may come forward and take this chair."

I stood like a stone, and he rose up, came over to me, and led me to a chair at the table. When I was seated one of the others remarked:

"Write your name, age and last place of residence on a slip of paper."

THE SHARPEST TRICK AT LAST.

That was trick number three, and it failed as the others had done. By and by the marshal wrote on a slip of paper:

"Who are you, and where from?"

I wrote in reply, "I am Charles Jones, of Richmond."

"But you are a Union man!" suggested one of the officers aloud.

I saw his lips move, but he got no sign from me. The examination continued in this manner for a full hour, the men using every artifice to trap me, but they failed to score a single point. I knew they would reserve the sharpest trick to the last, and was therefore nerved up for it. At length the marshal pushed back in his chair, pointed his finger at my breast and angrily exclaimed:

"Where did that Confederate button come from?"

It was another failure. Then he turned to his companions and said:

"Gentlemen, its no use. The man is certainly deaf and dumb and a d—d fool besides!"

"We have wasted our time," replied a second: "He is not only what he claims to be, but may be of great service to us. I'd have the officer take him over to the secretary of war."

"I guess I will," said the officer, and he rang a bell and I heard the door open. Then he turned to me, carelessly as you please, and said:

"Go with the officer."

It was their last shot. I never moved a muscle until the officer approached and placed his hand on me. I was taken back to the guard-house, kept a prisoner for another week, and then the disgusted marshal turned me loose in the streets.—"Ex-Rebel" in Detroit Free Press.

The Tichborne Claimant as an Orator.

"The Claimant" has just delivered a lecture in Dublin. He drew an immense audience, who hailed him as he came on with cries of "Hallo, Roger!" and "Wagga-Wagga!" All the other performers with him were hissed off. "Sir Roger" was in evening dress, and is described as tall of stature, portly in build, of dark complexion, and as solemn as a professional undertaker in appearance. His powers of oratory are not good, his voice is bad, and his twenty minutes' address was of the plainest character.—Foreign Letter.

The Third Napoleon Nearly Forgotten.

The 9th of January mass at St. Augustin's, in Paris, in celebration of the death of Napoleon III is becoming a dead formality. The other day but few notable Bonapartists attended, and the popular element was completely absent. The arm chairs in front of the altar, which were reserved for the cousins of the emperor, were empty throughout the service.—Chicago Herald.

Sawdust burned to the windward saved many Florida orange groves from the biting frost.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

JURORS FOR APRIL COURT.

Following will be found names of jurors for April term of court:

Grand Jurors.

Christ Sharra, Taylor	J O Loraine, do
J W Jones, Philipsburg	John Dale, Benner
Wm Harper, Bellefonte	John A Daley, Curtin
George W Ellenberger, Ferguson	Chas McGarver, Union
A C Mingle, Bellefonte	Wm Stover, Gregg
W F Reynolds, Jr., do	Andrew Glenn, College
G D Hoover, Bellefonte	Benj Beck, Miles
W R Jenkins do	F K Parkes, Haines
Monroe Armor do	John Dibbs, Spring
John P Harris do	Ellis Lytle, Patton
James Harris do	J Turner, Howard twp
Rob't Hepburn do	M D Snyder, College
P Gray Meek do	Hon Sam'l Frank, Miles
G D Hoover, Union	C Eckenroth, Spring
Jas C Curtin, Spring	W G Morrison Worth
J W Flory, do	W Poorman, Snow Shoe
Thos Eckley, Snow Shoe	I S Frain, Marion
B Jones, Philipsburg	Conrad Singer, Curtin
	Jos Royer, Howard boro

Third Monday of April—Traverse Jurors.

F Emerich, Walker	Michael Grove, Potter
J H Meyers, Harris	Adam Krumrine do
B F Brown do	S Brugger, Unionville
J T Schenck, Howard B	P H Waddle, Patton
Jared I Condo, Gregg	Hale Ross, Ferguson
— Fravel, Rush	H C Campbell do
Jared Kreamer, Miles	J Harper, Bellefonte
John Emerick do	T R Hamilton do
J H Seber, Half Moon	L D Kurtz, Haines
Wm B Way do	Henry King, Penn
J G Royer, Walker	Jacob Bottorf, College
T Nearhood do	J B Sholl, Liberty

Fourth Monday of Apr.—Traverse Jurors.

John Wolf, Philipsburg	S Fleck, Philipsburg
W H Sanford do	J D Long, Gregg
L G Lingle do	S C Boak, Snow Shoe
John Shrock, Bellefonte	J T Merryman, Taylor
Isaac Mitchell do	J P Shope, Milesburg
Hanmon Sechler do	S Brumgard, Miles
M S Graham do	Christ Alexander, Penn
John I Rankin do	Levi Quick, Snow Shoe
Geo Simms do	R J Haines, do
H C Valentine do	John Confer do
W G Biglow, Half Moon	W H Musser, Boggs
W A Murray, Harris	Dan'l Bitner, Liberty
Dan'l Dunkle, Walker	Geo B Jack, Harris
J Henderson, Benner	David Russell, Gregg
I N McCloskey, Liberty	David Musser do
M M Musser, Haines	David Dennis, Ferguson
M Gilbert, Miles	Joseph Gates do
And Gregg, Potter	Henry King, Penn
J H Leathers, Howard	John R Lee, Potter
Dan'l Ulrich, Millheim	A T Boggs, Milesburg
Wm Lohr, Centre Hall	F V Jordan, Spring
G W F Gray, Patton	J L Rogers, Walker
W J Dale Spring	Samuel Reily, Harris
S C Brickley, Curtin	John Gates, Half Moon

First Monday of May—Traverse Jurors.

Elias Markle, Walker	George M Boal do
Ed Shannon, Snow Shoe	A G Ewing, Ferguson
J Gunsallus do	John S Krebs do
Chas Summerville do	Henry Koch do
S M Buck, Bellefonte	Frank Hosterman, Gregg
Geo Blackford do	D W Clark, Liberty
S C Hunter do	Michael Shires Potter
And Brockerhoff do	Sam'l Gramley, Miles
G S Rover, Haines	P N Bernhart, Spring
Jas Lytle, Half Moon	T W Fisher, Taylor
D P Shope, Boggs	Geo B Taylor, Boggs
Wm Resides do	R H Crosthwaite, Spring
Thos Riley, Harris	D H Rote, Haines
And Fetzer, Boggs	J W Morris, Taylor
J S Foster, College	H G Shaffer, Gregg
Leonard Rhone, Potter	D W Fletcher, Howard
W J Thompson do	Elmer Campbell, Potter
H A Brumgard, Walker	

"I tell you, husband, I want you to try it." I had suffered for years with a complaint the physicians called gravel, and they had given up the attempt to help me. My wife heard of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and spoke as above. To please her I got a bottle. Used that and two or three more, and presently the trouble vanished never to return. My wife had a sort of inspiration that time."—Washington Monroe, Catskill, N. Y. Faith like hers deserves its reward. mar

The Democrats of Hazleton will celebrate their recent victory by a "clambake" and at the same time perfect their organization for effective work in the future.

"You may remember I spoke to you about having been afflicted with severe sick headaches. Well, some time ago I began taking Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in faint hope of relief. To my delight, and rather to my surprise, I have never had an attack since. How thankful I am I need hardly tell you. I heartily wish that all women tortured in this way knew how certain and pleasant a cure Favorite remedy is.—Sarah J. Woodruff, Newbury, N. Y. mar

The Justices of the Peace at Bethlehem "squeeze" the Hungarians for all they are worth. George Hudack, for resisting a policeman, was fleeced to the tune of $100.

"I'll attend to it soon." Don't cheat yourself in that way. Your hair is growing thinner, dryer and more lifeless every day. Save it and restore its original color, softness and gloss by using Parker's Hair Balsam while you may.

John Weber, of Ashland, drank a quart of whisky in a saloon, crawled into an abandoned old house to sleep off its effects, and "slept the sleep that knows no waking."

Like the face of a clock, the condition of the skin indicates the regularity or irregularity of the internal machinery. If troubled with Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Boils, or any other form of external inflamation, expel its cause from the blood with Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine. $1.50 at druggists.

Gradually the cause of woman's rights moves on. Mrs. Sarah Davidson, of Lower Boulder, Col., shot a bear and with the bounty received for it she paid for a sewing machine.

Can catarrh be cured? We state emphatically that it can. Keller's Catarrh Remedy never fails in a single case where directions are followed, no matter how chronic the cause.

Is your hair turning gray and gradually falling out? Hall's Hair Renewer will restore it to its original color, and stimulate the follicles to produce a new and luxuriant growth. It also cleanses the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and is a most agreeable and harmless dressing.

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the means to use for this purpose.

Parker's Tonic kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discretely, it keeps the blood pure, and the stomach, liver and kidneys in working order. Coughs and colds vanish before it. It builds up the health. No wise mother will be without it. mar

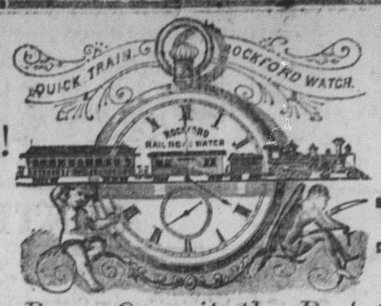
Adolf Lallez, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y. states: I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood bitters cured me.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LOOK! LOOK!

NEW LOCATION! NEW ROOM!

NEW FIXTURES!



New Room Opposite the Post Offie.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

E. A. GLENN & Co.,

Have just Received a Large Assortment of

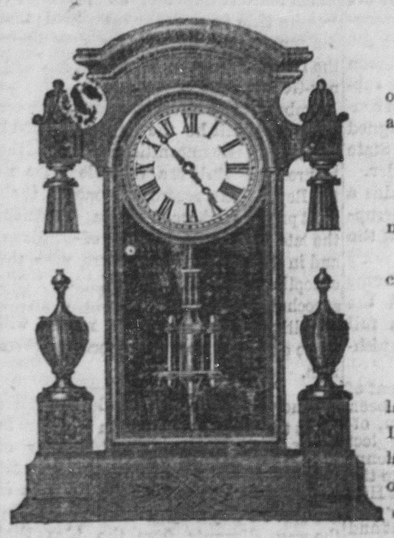
FINE SILVERWARE, GOLD PENS AND PENCILS

Rings, Pins, Charms, Revolvers, &c. A complete line of CUTLERY at bottom prices. NEW STOCK of

GOLD, SILVER, AND STEEL SPECTACLES, all Sizes and Numbers.

A fine selection of GOLD & SILVER WATCHES always on hand.

Agency for the celebrated ROCKFORD WATCH. Call and see the new CLIMAX CASE.



SEWING MACHINES.

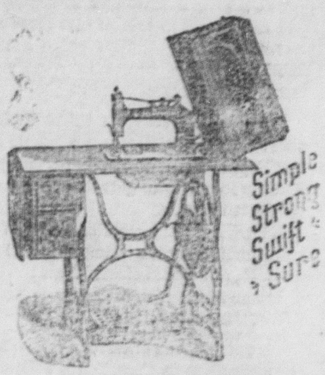
We carry the largest stock of Sewing Machines in the county, made up of the best grade of machines. Among which are the Higharm Davis, with attachments especially adapted for dress makers.

The No. 7 American with the new Button Hole attachment.

The New Home with double feed.

The Household which is an improvement over the Domestic.

We are closing out the Singer machine at reduced figures, from $15 to $20.



Hanging Lamps.

We carry a complete line of these lamps, the Electric and Champion Library Hanging Lamps. Any of these lamps are suited for lighting Churches or other public buildings. Each fount has 50 candle power.

All goods warranted as represented. *J. Q. A. Kennedy, Manager.*

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has attested its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGAYE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Maseru, Basutoland (S. Africa.), March 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles for $5.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, CHRONIC COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and ALL WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

NEVER FAILS.

THE GREAT

NERVE CONQUEROR

The only known *specific* for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured. Equalled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, It is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing cause. Routs biliousness and clears complexion. Charming resolvent and matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand Leading physicians in U. S. and Europe. Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe. Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.

The DR. S. A. RICHMOND NERVINE CO., St. Joseph, Mo.

Correspondence freely answered by Physicians. For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

LARGE AND EARLY CROPS

Are wanted by all farmers.

The earlier the better. The way to get these needed results, is to use reliable fertilizers.

Baugh's $25 Phosphate, Pure Raw Bone Meal, Agricultural Chemicals, and other brands which we manufacture or import are reliable, cheap and lasting fertilizers.

If your dealer has none of our goods on hand, send your order direct to us.

Send for BAUGH'S PHOSPHATE GUIDE, PRICES and other information.

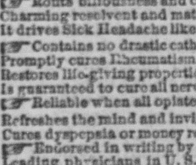
BAUGH & SONS,

Manufacturers and Importers,

20 South Delaware Ave.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1855.



JOHN F. STRATTON,
49 Maiden Lane, N.Y.,
Importer & Wholesale Dealer in
ACCORDEONS,
Mouth Harmonicas
and all kinds of Musical
Merchandise.

$1.00
THIRTEEN WEEKS.

The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed securely wrapped, to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address,
RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Larges and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS,
DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE.
OILS AND PAINTS
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring its color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. & $1 sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC

The Best Cough Cure you can use.

Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular for its well known properties of purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. It has made wonderful cures of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases, and has brought health and comfort to thousands of suffering women. Its property of increasing the nourishing quality of the blood, renders it so effective in reviving the vital energies that it often saves life. If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood is defective and is losing its power to nourish and sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day. It will give you new life and vigor. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. Large eating bottle $1.00.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a 30 years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured, pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.
Rmay 1yr

NEW COAL YARD.

A new coal yard has been opened in connection with the Centre Hall Roller Mill, where all kinds of soft and hard Coal will be sold at reduced prices for CASH or on grain account. j3m

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage. tf

ON THE ENGINE.

Running a Locomotive While Deathly Sick.

Taunton, Mass.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I am an engineer on the Old Colony Railroad, and run the Fall River boat train between Fall River and Lowell, residing in Taunton. For ten years I suffered everything but death from dyspepsia. Often I had such blinding sick headaches that I could hardly see. I think this was due partly to irregular habits of eating and partly to the jar of the engine.

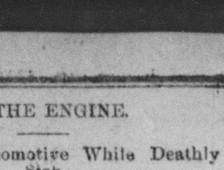
Remember that I tried every medicine I heard of and had been treated by some of the best physicians in Taunton and Lowell. At this critical time Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. It was new to me, and with my experience of medicines, you can easily forgive me for saying that I had not a particle of faith in it.

I had taken it but a few days when I began to get better. The raw and sore feeling left my stomach and the snapping pains left my head, and soon I was all right and have been ever since. It is the only thing that ever did me the least good, and it drove every ache, pain and discomfort completely out of my system. Now I keep Kennedy's Favorite Remedy with me on my engine, and it goes wherever I go.

Why, I believe Favorite Remedy will cure anything. One night a while ago John Layton, an engineer who runs the main line from Boston, came on my engine sick as death. He was worn out with work, had a high fever and was so nervous he almost broke down crying. "Nonsense, John," I said, "cheer up. I've got something on my engine that will set you up in a jiffy." I took out my bottle of Favorite Remedy, lifted his head and gave him a good dose. He went to bed. Two days after I saw him looking as healthy as a butcher. Said he, "Dan, what was that stuff you give me the other night?" "It was Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, Rondout, N. Y." "Well I don't care whose remedy it is, it's the stuff for a man on the railroad." So say we all. Yours, etc.' DAN'L FITTS.

It is your own fault if you suffer from headache, indigestion or dyspepsia. One dollar will buy a bottle of Favorite Remedy and cure you.

AGENTS WANTED for the **MISSOURI STEAM Washer**



Active, honest persons all over the country, with or without team.

John R. Dodge, Jr., Jeweler, Normal, Ill., writes: "You ask what I think of the Washer I bought last summer. Ist. It is the best machine ever invented for the use. 2d. We have just as good dinners on Monday as on any other day. 3d. If you can show, you can not buy ours for $1000."

Mrs. Hauck, of St. Joseph, Ill., writes: "I would not take $50 for mine. My washing was on the line at 9 o'clock this morning."

Mr. G. Jaques, St. Ignace, Mich., writes: "Formerly it took the washerwoman from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.; now from 7 a. m. to 10:30 a. m."

Mrs. A. W. Morrison, of Lampasas, Tex., writes: "It is a treasure. It makes the white lady independent of the colored washerwoman."

I will ship a sample to those desiring an agency on a week's trial on liberal terms. To those without capital, who can prove themselves trustworthy, I will furnish machines to fill their orders, my money to be paid after delivery. Write for particulars. J. WORTH, Box 1933 New York City

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is not a Truss. Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 930 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skillful treatment given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Weakening diseases and private troubles in male and female our specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

TRADE MARK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co. Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

TRADE MARK.

Furniture! Furniture!

M'CORMICK BROS.,

(Successors to W. R. Camp.)

CENTRE HALL, PENN'A,

Offer the finest and largest stock of

FURNITURE

ever brought to Centre Hall,

Prices to Suit the Times.

Come and examine

stock and learn prices.

We keep all furniture usually

— found in a —

FIRST CLASS FURNITURE STORE.

UNDERTAKING

A SPECIALTY.

COFFINS, CASKETS, SHROUDS,

BURIAL ROBES, &c.,

kept in stock.

Funerals Attended

With the Finest Hearse in the County.

17jan1y

AMONG THE SEMINOLES.

PECULIAR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE REMNANT OF THE TRIBE.

A Visit to an Indian Camp-Fire—The Peculiarities of Indian Oratory—Narrative of a Day's Experience—Charms of a Chief's Voice.

Ten years ago the writer spent a year in the peninsula of southern Florida. In the inaccessible wilds of the great everglade region there were then existing two distinct tribes of the great Seminole nation of southern Indians.

The largest tribe was Seminole proper, and lived in what is known all over the state as "The Big Cypress" a dark swamp stretching across the peninsula near the northern end of the everglades. There were then several hundred of the warriors of that tribe. The smaller tribe, consisting of some forty or fifty warriors, staid on a reservation near the head of Pease creek and the Little Outhlacoochee river. The chief of that tribe was Chipco.

One night I had an opportunity of making Chipco's acquaintance at the little trading post where lived a man named Collins, who acted as government agent. We were out at the little store in the dusk of the evening, when suddenly two strapping warriors come striding up to the door, and each threw down his pack of skins, which he had brought along to barter for goods. Both grunted out their salutations in broken English, and seated themselves on a log near the store, which was located near the public road, in the edge of a little clearing surrounded by the boundless forest stretching away for miles and miles on every hand.

IN SILENCE BY THE CAMP FIRE.

While watching the two savages as they sat in silence around their camp fire, I was a little startled by a deep-voiced "Howdee" at my elbow, and turning I beheld a tall, muscular man, of commanding appearance, with a rather stern countenance and indescribable air of a man accustomed to command. It was Chipco. The other two rose at the approach of their chief and saluted him respectfully, saying as few words as possible, and making themselves understood by gestures.

Chipco threw down a long buckskin bag and began to empty it. What was my surprise to see that the bag contained gophers! There were ten or a dozen of the rough looking old tortoises in the sack, and it must have weighed between 100 and 150 pounds.

The old chief spoke a few words to Collins and myself, and then invited us to take a seat by the camp fire. We did so, and then, at a sign from the chief, the younger of the two warriors, who, as Collins told me, was young Tigertail, a son of the noted chief of that name, arose and began to relate the day's experience in the Seminole language. Collins interpreted portions of it in whispers, and I found that it was quite commonplace, but I can never forget the impression it made upon me, delivered in the manner peculiar to the race.

The warrior stood up, straightening himself to his full height, and with arms folded and head erect, he began to detail the occurrences of the day. The moonlight fell on his handsome features, bringing out every detail of the striking profile, which would have made a study for a painter.

In a low, subdued voice he began. First he told of the early start he made, and, by gestures, indicated that the sun was just rising. As he proceeded his voice rose with the sun, and from time to time he raised his brawny arm and pointed to the quarter of the heavens where the sun was at the time the incident occurred which he was then detailing. I was lost in amazed wonder and admiration, but this was only a prelude. His auditors showed their attentiveness by occasional grunts, but not a word was uttered until he had completed his tale. At the close he sat down, and the others mildly applauded him by favorable comments on his speech.

Then the other warrior, who was called Tustenugge, and who was the rightful chief of one of the petty clans of the Big Cypress tribe, began in the same manner and repeated his adventures, which were similar to the first because they had traveled together. Collins afterward told me that this young man had been defrauded of his chieftainship by a political rival, and had left the tribe and attached himself to Chipco's band.

THE CADENCES OF INDIAN ORATORY.

When he had concluded, the chief himself arose. I can see him now as he stood there in the moonlight, his manly form clad in a semi-savage dress, and his head poised as proudly as any knight of old, and the fierce flashing of his eye as he gazed at the distant lake for an instant, the silvery moonlight adding to the weirdness of the scene. He was then about 50 years of age, and the firm mouth, high bred nostril and magnificent physique of the man inspired respect in those who came in contact with him.

By the low, soft voice in which he began I understood that he started at the first blush of dawn, fifty miles away, near the shores of the great Okeechobee. His intonation was clear, his enunciation perfect, and the rythmic melody of his voice reminded me of the distant sound of a finely toned organ. Slowly he ascended the scale, and I could tell precisely when the sun rose, by the inexpressible tone of gladness in which his language was pitched. Higher and higher grew his voice, and the rare chords and cadences could have made the fortune of the more cultured brother, could he have possessed the power to imitate them.

He told us how he struck a long dry level, and how thirsty he became, and how he searched in vain for a pool or rivulet of water and how he grew fatigued, and the game bag grew so heavy that he bent beneath its weight. How the great drops of prespiration gathered on his brow, and at last with a majestic sweep he pointed directly upward, and at the same time burst into that glad tone again, which indicated that he succeeded in finding water. His voice was now pitched in its highest key, yet there was no harshness or discord in the tones, to jar upon the intensely high strung nerves of the interested listener. There was an instant's pause, and then I could observe a slight lowering of his voice as the sun started in its downward course.

Lower and lower it sank as the sun neared the horizon line, until, depicting his adventures in the darkness, his voice was almost a whisper. But the most wonderful thing was the tone that his rich voice assumed when describing the rising of the moon. I never again expect to hear anything so expressive as the tones of the chief's voice, as he depicted it; so subtle, so natural, so weird and unearthly, that I could understand him, although I did not know a word of the language. Finally he wound up when he got to the point of his arrival. There were half a dozen complimentary grunts, and then he resumed his seat.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

The Musician's Favorite Gondola.

Richard Wagner's gondola is now for sale in Venice. It was given at his death to his favorite gondolier, who, finding that all relics of the composer are eagerly bought by enthusiastic Wagnerians, hopes to realize a considerable sum by selling such an important souvenir.—Inter Ocean.

Free beer is to flow from the monster tun at Heidelberg during the fifth centennial of the university.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

A GLIMPSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

During the Mussulman Feast of the Ramadan—In a Coffee House.

From its geographical situation, as well as from its history, Constantinople naturally takes the front rank among the cosmopolitan cities of the world, and the crowds thronging its busy thoroughfares embrace every condition of man between the kid gloved exquisite without a wrinkle in his clothes and the representative of half savage central Asian states encased in sheep skin garments of rudest pattern. The great fast of Ramadan is under full headway, and all true mussulmans neither eat nor drink a particle of anything throughout the day until the booming of cannon at 8 in the evening announces that the fast is ended, when the scene quickly changes into a general rush for eatables and drink. Between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, during Ramadan, certain streets and bazars present their liveliest appearance, and from the highest class restaurant, patronized by bey and pasha, to the vendors of eatables on the streets, all do a rushing business; even the sujees (water-venders), who with leathern water bottles and a couple of tumblers wait on thirsty pedestrians with pure drinking water, at five parns a glass, dodge about among the crowds, announcing themselves with lusty lung, fully alive to the opportunities of the moment.

The sidewalks of Constantinople are ridiculously narrow, their only practical use being to keep vehicles from running into the merchandise of the shopkeepers, and to give pedestrians plenty of exercise in jostling each other, and hopping on and off the curbstone to avoid inconveniencing the ladies, who of course are not to be jostled either off the sidewalk or into a sidewalk stock of miscellaneous merchandise. The Constantinople sidewalk is anybody's territory; the merchant encumbers it with his wares and the coffee houses with chairs for customers to sit on, the rights of pedestrians being altogether ignored; the natural consequence is that these latter fill the streets, and the Constantinople Jehu not only has to keep his wits about him to avoid running over men and dogs, but has to use his lungs continually, shouting at them to clear the way.

If a seat is taken in one of the coffee house chairs, a watchful waiter instantly makes his appearance with a tray containing small chunks of a pasty sweetmeat, that the English call "Turkish delight," one of which you are expected to take and pay half a piastre for, this being a polite way of obtaining payment for the privilege of using the chair. A favorite way of passing the evening is to sit in front of one of these establishments, watching the passing throngs, and smoke a narghileh, this latter requiring a good half-hour to do it properly. I undertook to investigate the amount of enjoyment contained in a narghileh one evening, and before smoking it half through concluded that the taste has to be cultivated.—Outing.

The Three-Volume Novel in England.

Probably tradition is stronger in England than in France; and tradition is all on the side of three volumes and Mr. Mudie. The three-volume novel will perhaps outlast the crown, the empire, and even the game laws. Again, we are not nearly so economical in most things as the French; but we are far more stingy about buying books. The idea of expending good money in a book seems revolutionary to a rich man. The late rector of Lincoln said bitterly, that "many a man with £500 a year does not lay out £50 on books." Why many a man of £5,000, £15,000, or £50,000 does not lay out £50 yearly on books. The newspaper suffices for the men of a household; the circulating library, with its endless stream of novelties, for the women. They only demand from a novel one thing—novelty; and that the library can give them.

To purchase as many new romances as filter through a house from the library would be to choke up all the place with books. These habits and these reasons insure the permanence of the circulating system; which, again, insure the permanence of the three-volume system. That plan prohibits amateur purchase, and makes every one who does not want an old novel get his novels from the library. Again, the three volumes keep three girls in a house occupied simultaneously; three birds are killed with one stone. Nor is the publisher adverse to the method, for an obvious reason. Advertisement is one of the great expenses of the publisher. Now, three one-volume novels cost exactly thrice as much to advertise as a single three-volume novel, and for each the publisher only gets, at most, a third of what the three-volume novel brings him. This is probably a strong commercial objection, from the publisher's point of view, to the one-volume novel.—St. James' Gazette.

Criminals in a Mexican Prison.

Paso del Norte boasts of a prison in which there is an average of half a dozen Americans confined at any time you may pay it a visit. It is situated within a stone's throw of the plaza, and within sound of the hum of the merry-making of the town. It is a long, one-storied adobe building, over which a strong detachment of the Eleventh Mexican cavalry mounts guard daily. Within, the prisoners count time by heart throbs awaiting the hour, which may be in the near or the distant future, when it shall please those in authority to bring them before the court of first criminal instance of the district. There are no cells in the prison, but a number of adobe rooms allotted to the prisoners enter an open court yard. The prisoners stroll around this placita and chat with one another and with their guards.

There are no bolts, chains or bars visible, and yet escapes are unknown. The reason is simple. Around this prison a cordon of guards are drawn so close that it is impossible to cross the dead-line without detection, and detection means death. The line is as rigid as that of Andersonville, and has cost many a poor fellow his life. Prisoners in Mexico are not allowed to give unnecessary trouble to their keepers. They are not fed, but have to feed themselves, for which purpose each prisoner receives nine "telacos" a day, and he can live or starve on it for all the government cares.—Cor. Chicago Times.

Unique Innovations in Dining.

To overcome the tedium of a long-course dinner Philadelphia society people are introducing unique innovations in the manner of dining. At one feast the guests did not sit at the table at all, but sat in the parlor, and while indulging in conversation were served with the choice repast in courses. At a Clover club dinner the waiters, dressed in different costumes to serve particular dishes, brought variety to the feast. Meat was served by waiters disguised as butchers, black waiters dressed in white brought terrapin, and white waiters in black served French dishes. A "progressive luncheon" is another novel introduction. Four people set at each table, and at the end of each course change positions in the manner of progressive euchre. The efforts made by Philadelphians to keep from being bored with each other are certainly unique.—Boston Journal.

Earnings of Henry Ward Beecher.

A New York letter-writer estimates that Henry Ward Beecher has during the last forty years earned money as follows: Salary as preacher, $320,000; lecture fees, $240,000; sundry publications, $100,500; wedding fees, $50,000; incidentals, $40,000; total, $750,000.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

A. H. V.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures baldness. Hair Vigor restores youthful freshness and color to faded and gray hair. It attains these results by the stimulation of the hair roots and color glands. It rejuvenates the HAIR and cleanses it. It restores to the HAIR that, either by reason of age or diseases of the scalp, has become dry, harsh and brittle, a pliancy and glossy silken softness of extreme beauty. There is no dye in Ayer's Hair VIGOR and the good it does is by the it imparts to the follicles, and the cleanliness and healthfulness of the condition in which it maintains the scalp.

AYER'S Hair Vigor renews the hair. Hair Vigor is the best cure known for Brashy Hair, Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Torpid Follicles, and all other diseases of the scalp that cause the falling of the HAIR and its fading. Nothing cleanses of the nuisance of dandruff so perfectly, and so effectually prevents its return, as AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. In addition to the curative and restorative virtues peculiar to Ayer's Hair VIGOR it is a toilet luxury. The Hair is by far the cleanliest hair-dressing made. It causes the hair to grow thick and long, and keeps it always soft and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Contains no deleterious ingredients. Its use prevents all scalp disease, secures against the hair growing thin or gray, and surely cures all baldness th is not organic.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

A. G. NOLL,

BOOT and SHOE MAKER,

CENTRE HALL.

The undersigned has opened a shop in the rear of the bank, on Church street, and is prepared to do all kinds of work. New boots and shoes made to order, and repairing done. Satisfaction is guaranteed and all work promptly attended to. He kindly asks a share of the public patronage. [out18ja'y] A. G. NOLL

Good Salaries or Commission to Men and Women to act as local or traveling Agents. No experience needed. Steady work. JAMES E. WHITNEY, Nurseryman, Rochester, New York (Mention this paper.) djanyam

D. Z. EVANS, JR.

EVANS BROTHERS,

PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

56 N. Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Quick Sales, Good Prices and Prompt Returns is our motto. We have excellent facilities for obtaining good prices for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, (live or dressed,) Lard, Tallow, Cheese, Potatoes, Fruit, (dried or fresh,) Corn, Oats, Hay, Live Stock; in fact, everything the farmer produces, either in car loads or small lots. Tags, stencils and price lists furnished free.

We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

TIMBER LAND FOR SALE.—A tract of timber land, in the Seven Mile, one mile south of Potters Mills, containing 80 ACRES, 100 Perches. Bounded by lands of W. J. Thompson, Sam'l Treaster, Sec'y Betts and others, being the land of the heirs of Evan Evans, and is well covered with Yellow and Pitch Pine and young Chestnut timber. The tract is almost level and a public road leads direct to it from the turnpike. Will be sold reasonable. Apply to G. L. GOODHART, 16dec3m Centre Hall

——Shoemakers—I can supply you with rubber cement for mending gum boots, etc.—J. D. Murray.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In

DRUGS, DRUGS

CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY,

FANCY GOODS, &c

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned represents twelve as good Fire Insurance companies as can be found in the world, and also represents the best Life and Accident companies in existence My motto is, "I study to please."

Office in Bush's block, (over Valentine & Co.'s store,) Bellefonte, Pa. 27mayly] BOND VALENTINE.

CENTRE HALL LOTS.—Building lots ½ mile east of Centre Hall station for sale. PRICES, $100, $110 to $115 per lot. Payments easy. 3m FRED KURTZ.

Cards—Attorneys

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Corbett building, Bellefonte.

J. L. SPANGLER. C. P. HEWES.

SPANGLER & HEWES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A. Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English.

JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7ap'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. H. ORVIS. C. M. BOWER. E. L. ORVIS

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA. Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. 2ljan 85

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall, Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14apr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 28june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. civ

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.

D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 15aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

CAMERON HOUSE, LEWISBURG, PENN'A. STETTLER & CODER..... Proprietors SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY. Good Livery attached. Free Buss to and from all trains. 14ap'y

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 ti

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and sell Government Securities; JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

MARVELOUS PRICES.

BOOKS FOR THE MILLION

Complete Novels and Other Works, by Famous Authors, Almost Given Away!

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them handsomely illustrated, and all are printed on good type upon good paper. They consist of the great variety of subjects, and we think no one can examine the list without finding there some book he or she would like to possess. In cloth-bound form these books would cost $1.00 each. Each book is complete in itself.

1. **The Widow Bedott Papers.** This is the book that made your grandmothers laughed till they cried, and it is just as funny to-day as it ever was.
2. **Fancy Work for House Adornment,** and embroidery. A book of 100 pages containing easy and practical instructions for making fancy baskets, wall pockets, brackets, needle work, embroidery, etc., etc., profusely illustrated.
3. **Grimm's Fairy Stories for the Young.** The finest collection of fairy stories ever published. The children will be delighted with them.
4. **The Lady of the Lake.** By Sir Walter Scott. "The Lady of the Lake" is a romance in verse and of all the works of Scott none is more beautiful than this.
5. **Manual of Etiquette** for Ladies and Gentlemen, a reguide to politeness and good breeding, giving the rules of modern etiquette for all occasions.
6. **The Standard Letter Writer** for Ladies and Gentlemen, a complete guide to correspondence, giving plain directions for the composition of letters of every kind, with innumerable forms and examples.
7. **Winter Evening Recreations,** a large collection of Acting Charades, Tableaux, Games, Parlor Plays, etc., for social gatherings, private theatricals, and evenings at home; illustrated.
8. **Dialogues, Recitations and Readings,** a large and choice collection for school exhibitions and public and private entertainments.
9. **Parlor Magic and Chemical Experiments,** a book which tells how to perform hundreds of startling tricks in magic and instructive experiments with simple means.
10. **The Home Cook Book and Family Physician,** containing hundreds of valuable cooking receipts as well as recipes for housekeepers, also telling how to cure all common ailments by simple home remedy.
11. **Manners and Customs in Far Away Lands,** a very interesting and instructive book of travels, describing the peculiar life, habits, manners and customs of the people of foreign countries; illustrated.
12. **Sixteen Complete Stories** by Popular Authors, embracing love, humorous and detective stories, stories of society life, of adventure, of railway life, etc., all very interesting.
13. **The Budget of Wit, Humor and Fun,** a large collection of the funny stories, sketches, anecdotes, poems, and jokes that have been written for some years past. Illustrated.
14. **Useful Knowledge for the Million,** a handy book of useful information for all, upon many and various subjects. Illustrated.
15. **Called Home.** A Novel. By Hugh Conway, author of "Dark Days," etc.
16. **At the World's Mercy.** A Novel. By Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.
17. **Mildred Trevanion.** A Novel. By "The Duchess," author of "Molly Bawn," etc.
18. **Dark Days.** A Novel. By Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," etc.
19. **The Mystery of the Holly Tree.** A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
20. **Shadows on the Snow.** A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Grand-and-Cheese-and-Kisses," etc.
21. **The Gray Woman.** A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton," etc.
22. **The Frozen Deep.** A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc.
23. **Red Court Farm.** A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc.
24. **In Cupid's Net.** A Novel. By the Author of "Dora Thorne."
25. **Back to the Old Home.** A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Hidden Perils," etc.
26. **John Bowerbank's Wife.** A Novel. By Miss Maloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.
27. **Lady Gwendoline's Dream.** A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne," etc.
28. **Jasper Dane's Secret.** A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc.
29. **Lucille.** A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Brenda Yorke," etc.
30. **Gabriel's Marriage.** A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "No Name," etc.
31. **David Hunt.** A Novel. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," etc.
32. **Reaping the Whirlwind.** A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Middleton's Money," etc.
33. **Dudley Carleon.** A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.
34. **Ezekiel** or THE MYSTERY OF THE HIGHLANDS. A Novel. By Rev. Wm. M. Pierce, author of "The Bitter Mark," etc.
35. **A Golden Dawn.** A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne," etc.
36. **Valerie's Fate.** A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't," etc.
37. **Sister Rose.** A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc.
38. **Anne.** A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne."
39. **The Laurel Bush.** A Novel. By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.
40. **Amos Barton.** A Novel. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," etc.

OUR UNEQUALLED OFFER: We will send any four of these books post paid to any address, containing price in stamps or currency, for 12 cents; or any 8 for 25 cts; or the whole 40 for $1.00. Send P. O. Money Order. Address

Manhattan Pub. Co., Phila'a, Pa

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

FREE! MEN ONLY. TRIAL PACKAGE.

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille A RADICAL CURE FOR

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR SEVEN YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

TREATMENT. One Month, - $3.00 Two Months, - 5.00 Three Months, 7.00

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g CHEMISTS 606½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for letter to our Appliances. WILL GIVE FREE TRIAL.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A **TORPID LIVER.**

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

Next Term begins January 5, 1886.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2. A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3. The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the General Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4. A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6. A reorganized course in MECHANIC ARTS, combining shop work with study.
7. A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8. A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9. SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address GEO. W. ATHERTON, President, 1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 8, 1885

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 52 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 15 a m
" "	Renovo	9 25 a m
" arr at	Erie	5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 28 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
" "	Montandon	5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
	(Sunday) Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 35 a m
" arrives at	Renovo	12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 20 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	9 16 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	12 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 15 a m
" "	Renovo	10 10 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 20 p m
" "	Montandon	1 25 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACC'N leaves	Renovo	4 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 05 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 20 p m
" "	Montandon	7 27 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 40 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 45 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sunday.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 40 p m
" "	Renovo	7 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 20 a m
" "	Montandon	2 24 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with L. S. & M. S. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A. M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P M
1 20	10 15	5 50 Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 10
1 50	10 25	6 15 Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 36
2 0		6 25 Biehl	8 45		5 14
2 05		6 32 Vicksburg	8 35		5 06
2 22		6 45 Mifflinburg	8 24		4 52
2 40		6 58 Millmont	8 12		4 33
2 48		7 07 Laurelton	8 03		4 24
3 50		7 57 Coburn	7 15		3 15
4

Silent Sounds.

You do not hear it? Unto me
The sweet low sound comes ceaselessly;
And, floating, floods the earth and sky
With tender tone.

You do not hear the restless beat,
Upon the floor of childish feet—
Of feet that tread the flowery street
Of heaven alone.

At morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
I hear the patter, soft and light,
And catch the gust of wings, snow-white,
About my door.
And on the silent air is borne
The voice that from my world was torn—
That left me, comfortless, to mourn,
For evermore.

Sometimes floats up, from out the street
The boyish laughter, bird-like, sweet—
I turn forgetfully, to greet,
My darling fair:
Soft as the ripple of the stream,
Breeze-kissed beneath the moon's pale beam,
How strangely real doth it seem!
And he not there.

Ah, no; you cannot hear his call;
You catch no laugh, nor light footfall;
And He who said,
"I will not leave thee desolate,"
Has, somehow, loosed the bonds of fate
And left ajar the golden gate
Which hides my dead.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

A sunny head, almost hidden by a white straw hat, was thrust into the open window of the parlor of Dr. Pritchard, a large brick building planted in the vicinity of a newly discovered mineral spring, and a clear voice laughed:

"Shame on you, ladies, for sitting in the house on such a lovely May morning! Just look at my beauties!" displaying a pretty toy of a basket, in which nestled rosy verbenas, big blue violets, and the waxy bells of the wild hyacinth, in charming confusion or profusion. "Take that for your want of taste!"

And she threw a handful of flowers into the room, and sped away with a saucy laugh.

"Oh, that Nora!" sighed Mrs. Drapier, a languid widow, in a blue cashmere wrapper, all cream-colored lace and embroidery.

"She is a combination of exclamation-points and boisterousness," commented Miss Effie Morton, who herself was a combination of die-away prettiness and a jealous disposition, as she spitefully flicked away one of Nora's violets that had fallen on her dress. "And such a hoyden as she is."

"Such a contrast to her father!" mourned Mrs. Drapier, who was more than suspected of having designs on the heart and hand of Mr. Carston, the millionaire widower, who, for his imagined and multifarious ailments, was staying at Dr. Pritchard's with his pretty daughter, Nora.

"Yes, she is a contrast," assented Miss Earle, an heiress, and brunette beauty, looking up from the cardinal silk purse she was beading. "Mr. Carston is an old granny, and Nora is as sweet as a rose, and as pretty as a picture, and full to the finger-tips of vigorous life. The trouble is, you are all jealous of her!"

"The idea!" sniffed the ladies, in simultaneous scorn.

"I wonder what Doctor Branscombe will think of Nora? He has finished attending those medical lectures at St. Thomas', and will be back this evening to enter into partnership with Doctor Pritchard," added Miss Earle quietly.

"I fancy he won't waste many thoughts on her. He has often said that he admires only womanly women," simpered Miss Morton, who fancied herself a "womanly woman," and consequently the handsome young doctor's ideal, on the strength of her utter ineffectualness and viny clinging to masculinity.

"I fancy he will get enough of her to-night. She is to sing in the concert we got up to celebrate Doctor Pritchard's birthday. We had to ask her, you know. I've never heard her sing, except in hymns on Sundays and at prayers, but I suppose she'll give us 'An Awful Little Scrub,' or something of the sort," said Mrs. Drapier.

Miss Earl smiled. She had heard Nora sing.

"Now prepare to be astonished," tittered Miss Morton, behind her blue ostrich-feather fan, to Doctor Branscombe as she pointed out on the satin programme the announcement—"Song by Miss Carston."

A sudden gleam of admiration shot into Allan's dark eyes as an aurora in rose and silver came lightly and swiftly to the front of the improvised stage.

A tomboy!—this lovely girl with the arch perfection of her face lit by a pair of laughing, topaz eyes, and a shapely "little head running over with curls" of glittering gold.

She clasped her dimpled hands lightly in front of her, and the silver bangles on her round wrists clinked a sweet-noted little overture as she began her song.

It was one of those which have sung their way down the centuries from the time of Shakespeare. As she finished the concluding lines:

"To bid my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow."

She began to tune her merry note into the sweet bird's throat, and a mad, musical medley twittered, thrilled and warbled through the room, as if all the birds the poet had mentioned in his song were swinging on blossoming sprays and fairly outdoing themselves in their efforts to bid his love the sweetest of good-morrows.

"What an exhibition! I told you she would astonish you," whispered Miss Morton, in the pause that followed the rapturous encore.

"I am astonished! I had expected nothing like this," assented Allan, with a quizzical twinkle in his handsome eyes.

"I knew you disapproved of those bold girls, who lay themselves out to gain admiration—so far—so very far from one's idea of a womanly woman!" cooed Miss Morton, pluming her frizzly fashionable little head.

"Can't she see," mused Allan, in wonder, "that any man's idea of a womanly woman is one who is full of sweetness, brightness and fire, like Miss Carston, instead of an envious little Parian image like herself!"

But "none so blind as those who won't see!" and Effie Morton's sleep was sweetened that night by the thought that one more link was forged in the chain that bound Allan to her, while Allan's dreams were all of Nora.

Love is the one miracle-worker yet alive, and it was not long before Allan's heart, that till now had never throbbed faster for a woman's sake, was irrevocably in Nora's keeping.

"But she shall never know it," resolved Allan. "Her father is worth a million, and I am poor."

But such resolutions are made only to be broken. Allan met Nora returning from one of her favorite flower-quests, with briar-rose vines, studded thick with buds and blooms, hanging from her arms, and she looked so sweet that all his heart rushed to his lips, and he told her that he loved her.

"I am so glad! for I love you," said Nora simply, the great, sweet eyes shining like golden-brown stars for joy.

And then Allan forgot for a while that Nora was rich and he was poor.

But as they neared the doctor's he faltered:

"What will your father say?"

"Let's go and see!" laughed Nora. "He might refuse you if you went alone, but he never refused me anything in my life. I can wind him round my little finger!" holding up a dimpled digit triumphantly.

So the two presented themselves before Mr. Carston like a runaway couple coming to beg the paternal blessing.

But during Allan's appeal, Mr. Carston stiffened visibly, and when it was finished he sat bolt upright, as if a ramrod had usurped the place of his spine, and gave a polite but stern refusal.

"Oh, papa! aren't you ashamed of yourself!" exclaimed Nora, turning wide, reproachful eyes upon him.

And thereupon followed a sweet storm of blandishments and prayers, that softened Mr. Carston no more than a storm of roses would have softened a rock.

"I have always let you have your own way, Nora; but to do so now, would be to wreck my own ambition and your life-long happiness. I intend to take you abroad next winter, and who knows but you may marry a nobleman?" argued Mr. Carston.

"I don't want to marry a nobleman, and I do want to marry Allan!" pouted Nora.

"I can't allow it, so let us drop the subject. All this excitement will bring on a fit of palpitation of the heart," said Mr. Carston, gasping elaborately, and reaching for his smelling-salts.

"Never mind, dear, it will all come out right at last," consoled Nora, through her tears, as she followed Allen into the hall.

"How?" demanded Allan, gloomily.

"I don't know; but something will turn up," said Nora, brightly.

And fortune—slandered goddess!—who must have become soured by the world's distrust, thereupon resolved to reward her for her sweet confidence.

A few days after this, Nora discovered her father exhausting the air from a small receiver, in which lay a withered apple.

"Just look! Isn't it wonderful?" he exclaimed, as Nora peeped over his shoulder, and watched the apple swell to shapely proportions.

"Oh, I've seen that done before in natural philosophy lessons at school!" she said, slightingly.

"Well, this is the principle of Doctor Pritchard's celebrated vacuum treatment. The patient sits in the box, and the air is exhausted. The patient swells something after the manner of this apple, and nerve force is thereby liberated and the circulation of the blood established. Tompkins says it has done him immense good. I mean to try it to-morrow," exclaimed Mr. Carston, beaming with satisfaction.

"Oh, don't, papa! What if you should burst?" exclaimed Nora, in a horrified voice.

"Of course the exhaustion of air is not to be carried too far," soothed her father.

"But don't do it! I know it won't do you any good!" urged Nora. "You know you had fumes of sulphuric acid pumped into your lungs till you said you felt as if you had swallowed a volcano. And then that electric bath! You got so charged with electricity that you jerked about at the dinner table as if you had the St. Vitus' dance, and upset your soup all over Mrs. Drapier's old gold silk. I wouldn't try any more of these dangerous experiments."

"This is another thing altogether, Nora. The principle is delightful! I shall try it to morrow," said Mr. Carston, firmly.

The next morning, as Allan was passing through the upper story of the house, he heard groans, shrieks and prayers proceeding from one of the rooms.

"Ah, some poor wretch is taking the treatment!" he mused. "I must see that he doesn't stay in too long. Pritchard's rule of the same time for every one is pretty inflexible."

He opened the door to go in. Then, as he saw a well-known head, stepped back, chuckling wickedly to where he could view the scene unobserved.

Mr. Carston did not seem to find the principle of the vacuum treatment so delightful in its practical working as it had seemed when viewed abstractedly.

His hair stood on end with fright, like an iron-gray aureole; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and the rubber band tightened around his neck as the operator worked the air pumps vigorously.

"Oh! ouf! ah-h-h-h! Stop! You're killing me," he shrieked and sputtered.

"The old doctor said as how I was to keep you in the full time, sir," responded the servant implacably.

"I'll give you fifty pounds—I'll give you a hundred—I'll give you my diamond studs if you let me out."

"Time ain't up yit, sir!" answered the incorruptible servant, looking at the clock.

"Branscombe—my dear fellow!" gasped the sufferer, catching sight of Allan in the entrance, "let me out! I'm choking! I'm dying! Hurry!"

A brilliant idea darted into Allan's mind. In Mr. Carston's extremity he saw his own opportunity. Why not make Nora the price of her father's release?

"Give your consent to my marriage with Nora, and I will release you immediately, otherwise you shall stay in till the last second!" said Allan, approaching nearer.

"You shall never have Nora!" exclaimed Mr. Carston with a gasp of defiance.

"Very well," said Allan, turning as if to leave.

The servant went on pumping. The band tightened around Mr. Carston's neck, like a rubber boa-constrictor. His heart thumped harder, his head swam more dizzily, and his breath became more labored.

"If I should die, she'd marry him a week after my funeral," he thought and gasped almost inarticulately, "Take her and let me out!"

Allan thrust aside the man at the pump-handle, undid the complicated fastenings of the box, and his future father-in-law dropped limply into his arms.

After he had revived his patient with fans and sal-volatile, Allan flew to find Nora.

"I told you that something would turn up," she said, with an enchanting air of triumph, "though it was taking A Mean Advantage.

CAPTURING A DEVIL FISH.

An Exciting Adventure off the Florida Coast.

It has been suggested to the writer by our mutual friend, Dr. Ferber, that some of the incidents which occurred during a certain trip made last season down the western coast of the peninsula of Florida were worth preserving. If it were possible to picture to your readers the events of such a day as vividly as memory presents them to the actors, then might this communication justify itself. The day selected for the experiment is March 10, 1885. The boat is the sloop "Ella M. Little" of about eight tons. Captain and owner, Alfred P. Jones. Pilot, Wilson, Christian name omitted, as a suspicion exists that he never was properly baptized. Able seaman, Abram, Supernumeraries, Messrs. Blank and Black, otherwise the "big" and "little" doctor, well-known physicians of Chicago, genial companions, ardent sportsmen; and lastly, the writer. Time, sunrise. Location, a few miles south of Punta Rassa, and just opposite the entrance to Estero Bay.

The day is a perfect one, the air soft, balmy and inspired by a gentle breeze from the west. One of the party is seated upon the cabin sweeping the horizon with his omnipresent field glass.

"Pilot, what's that big fin half a mile away on the weather bow?"

"Devil fish."

"Devil fish! Pilot, that's what we are here for. We want that fish."

"You don't want to fool with no devil fish; there ain't no child's play about them."

"Pilot, we want that fish."

"Yes," adds the little doctor; "we will have him if we have to follow him home."

"Well, if I must, I must, but you've got to tend the line, and the others get into the cockpit out of the way. I don't want any one killed by this foolishness."

"We will do as we are told, if it is to jump overboard; only strike that fish!"

Off came the pilot's coat, shoes and stockings, the anchors are carried aft, everything movable taken from the forward deck, and three or four hundred feet of half inch manilla rope coiled there. The jib is hauled down and carefully lashed. The pilot plants himself upon the bowsprit, with his heavy pole balanced in his right hand, his left gathering in a few coils of the line which he has just attached firmly to the harpoon. The hand of the captain is on the tiller, while his eyes follow every motion of the pilot. Abram stands by the halliards ready for the expected order. One of the passengers, with hands trembling with excitement, holds the line, prepared to give it a turn around the windlass or his own neck, as he may be instructed. The other two sit with the rifles on the top of the cabin, equally ready to jump overboard or down among the coils of line, according as the one or the other gives promise of most excitement.

Thod! Crash! A young waterspout under the bow, a line whizzing through torn and blistered fingers.

"Down mainsail. Give that line a turn round the windlass. Hard down your helm. Catch that pole." But everything cannot be done at once. The line has a double turn around the windlass; the sloop is already plowing the water in the direction of the great fish, and the harpoon pole is fifty yards astern. Into the skiff tumbles one of the party, and, pulling vigorously, soon recovers the pole. To turn is less easy, and when, after a long pull, our friend is within forty yards of the sloop, the monster, suddenly changing his course, swims straight for the little boat. For a moment the occupant contemplates the sport of the chase from an unusual standpoint (for a man,) but happily his boat is barely touched by one of the great wings of the gigantic "sea bat," and he soon finds himself safe (and warm) on board. Back comes the fish, and a casual blow makes our craft shiver from stem to stern, and suggests that we owe much to the ignorance of our prey.

Somebody's rifle cracks, and the spouting blood and crimson wake promise to our inexperience the approaching termination of our resistance, and consequently of sport. But neither one bullet nor the score that follow it avail in the direction of our anticipations. Deeper and deeper swims the fish, now probably forty feet below the surface, but straight out into the gulf, and with increasing velocity. The occupants of a pleasure yacht which we pass gaze with wonder upon a sloop bowling along against wind and wave without a sail set. The wind is increasing; waves rising; hours passing. The weight of three men is constantly on the line hauling in as opportunity offers, paying out as the vagaries of the fish demand.

Our captain, after a glance in the direction of the now invisible shore and another toward some fast gathering clouds, incidentally observes, "That devil fish is bound for Mexico."

"Then so are we, captain."

And yet something must be done. To openly suggest cutting the line would expose one to the risk of assassination.

So another turn of the line around the windlass, the bars inserted, and the sloop walked up toward the fish until the parting of one of the strands of the rope warns us we must draw the line of mechanical force somewhere.

But now the back of the monster is again seen near the surface, and some thirty feet beyond the bowsprit. Another harpoon is hastily prepared, another thud, flurry, and renewed excitement. Now we have two lines on the windlass. Soon the devil fish is swimming directly under the bow, but with undiminished energy. A great shark hook is soon cast in his cavernous mouth, its heavy chain carried aft and made fast, the big mainsail and jib hoisted, and our bow pointed away from the heavy wind now blowing straight for Estero bay. We sit upon the stern of the sloop watching the great mouth, the curious horn-like flippers, and the wonderful power and grace of the propeller-like wings, as with oft loosening chain the great fish swims easily after us.

As we reach the entrance to Estero bay, and are about entering it, our captive suddenly awakens to the possibility that perhaps he is after all not carrying out his own ideas. His propellers are worked backward, the spray covers us, the commotion in the water is tremendious, and for a moment the result seems doubtful. But wind and sail prevail; it is a dying flurry. Soon we have him anchored as near the shore as six men aided by pulleys can bring him; his broad back (eighteen feet from wing to wing) above the water so that we can safely venture on it. We examine the curious half fish and half leeches which have domiciled themselves upon the back of our victim, and are greedily sucking the wounds made by our rifles. We remove a square yard or so of the tough and rasp like hide with a view to future slippers, and proceed to sink a shaft through gristle and flesh (bone there is none) into the creature's interior.

It is already sunset, and our caterer invites us to indicate our preferences in the matter of a proposed supper. The firm flesh of the fish with its steaks of bright red and pure white suggests the answer, and we try a gastronomic experiment, which is as successful as we believe it to be unique.

Death Valley.

The "Death Valley" in Inyo county, Cal., owes its name partly to its frightfully desolate character, being for the most part destitute of everything necessary to support life, and partly to the number of persons and animals that perished there. The valley is 100 miles long by 20 miles wide, though only about 40 miles in length and eight or ten in width is embraced within Inyo county. In 1852 a large party of immigrants perished from thirst within its limits. Its level is from 100 to 400 feet below the sea, giving it a greater depression than the Caspian, and nearly as great as that of the Dead Sea. It is probably the bed of a former lake, the waters of which were strongly charged with salt and soda. For 45 miles in length and 15 in depth, along its center, it is a salt marsh in which the Amargoza (or Bitter) river sinks, and where a thin layer of soil covers an unknown depth of thin soft mud. For miles there is no water fit to drink, and, although springs are numerous, they are intensely alkaline. An exploring party in 1865 found the temperature in January—the coolest month of the year—as high as 90 degrees Fahrenheit. When there is no breeze through the long canyon the air becomes so dense that respiration is painful and difficult. During the spring terrible gales of wind fill the air with salt, gravel and sand, in clouds as black as coal smoke.

Fitted for Arctic Discovery.

It was midnight, or a little later. He was standing in six inches of snow at the northeast corner of Fourth and Race streets. The wind didn't blow through his whiskers, because his chin and cheeks were clean shaven, but the way it made music with the telephone wires for strings would put to blush the harmonies of the Æolian and the wail of the banshee. He had just come up out of the cellar to get a breath of fresh air. His costume consisted of shoes, socks, working pataloons, and armless under shirts, open at the neck. He was an athletic young man, with very white skin, clear face, and sparkling eyes, and he appeared to enjoy this outdoor atmosphere of a few degrees above zero. His bare hands were crossed upon his bare arms, and his bare chest was exposed to the zephyrs from the north. He stood leaning against the stone pillar of the building, puffing contentedly at a cigar caught in a holder. A solitary pedestrian, emerging from a swirl of snow dust, halted in a stupified sort of way, and after a moment of hesitation and pulling his cap down about his ears, and drawing his ulster closer about him, ventured to ask the handsome statue if he didn't think he might be liable to the charge of forcing the season just a little? The answer was a slight laugh and this remark: "Oh, no; it was getting a little close down in the cellar, and I thought I'd come up and take a smoke." He seemed to be utterly insensible to the cold, and explained that from childhood he had subjected himself to a regime of cold water and cold air as a standoff for an original tendency to pulmonary trouble. His discipline included regular exercise for muscular development.

Sage Brush

It has been found that under the vast trees of sage brush in Nevada there is a rich, deep, loamy soil, which can be made wonderfully productive with a little irrigation.

—An exceptionally pretty novelty of the season is a bonnet made of suede kid, dyed the exact color of autumn leaves—a rich golden brown. It is bordered with brown velvet, in which nestle three tiny seagulls; the muff to match is trimmed with velvet and similar birds. There is a straight velvet collar to complete the set, attached to a vest of the leather.

FASHION NOTES.

—Scarfs of fine white lawn are again fashionably worn.

—Black trimming is now considered fashionable on all colors, even brown.

—Ivory white vests are worn with velvet, silk and fine wool basques of dark colors.

—Hoop ear-rings set with pearls, diamonds, garnets, or rubies, are very fashionably worn with full evening toilets.

—Low corsages of red velvet are worn with skirts of various materials, tulle and other thin fabrics not excepted.

—The new silk gloves are now embroidered and trimmed, but do not meet with the favor that was prophesied for them.

—Among the new colors for spring are eucalyptus and celery green. Straw color and maize are the new shades of yellow.

—Close-fitting independent wraps will be fashionable in the spring, and many small wraps will be made to match costumes.

—"Beauty spots" are now painted with India ink on the girl of the period's face, and she thinks it a great deal better than court-plaster.

—Khedive satin is a new material. It is to be had with small Oriental designs, and also plain. When draped it falls in peculiarly soft, rich folds.

—Full and wholly undraped skirts are suitable only for very young ladies, and, even among these, the figures that can wear them are the exceptional ones.

—Coffee" parties are newer than afternoon "teas." Tea and small cakes are replaced by coffee, coffee cake, creams, ices, jellies and similar delicacies.

—An effective evening dress is in bronze velvet, brocaded with gold and silver thistles, lace skirt striped with chandron velvet, train in plain chandron plush.

—Sleeves that have been severely plain for so long a time are expanding again, and are henceforth to have, so it is stated, all sorts of furbelows, frills and "chicken fixings."

—Cashmere is never out of fashion. The beauty of its folds and the colors make it very useful for many occasions. It may be made plain for the street or elaborate for the house.

—A high-crowned hat with wide brim is of black velvet dotted with small black rosary beads. It is trimmed with black feathers held in place by a knot of yellow ribbon.

—Bright red is exceedingly fashionable for opera cloaks. Some of the newer ones reach quite to the feet, and are open up the back to the waist so as not to crush the train.

—Crinkled zephyr cloth is shown in every variety of dark and light colors, with stripes for the skirts, while the bodice and drapery are plaid, corresponding to the skirt in color.

—Scotch ginghams have bourette stripes, and are in a variety of combinations, blue and olive on a pink ground, and a dark blue and red on a pale-blue ground being the most frequent.

—Flounces, when of something thin and transparent, are permissible in evening gowns. They do not reach quite as high as the belt, and are completed by a twisted scarf or draperies.

—Dark blue sateens have a border imitating Torchon lace, a tiny figure of which is strewn over the material. Others have a broad border of wheat ears, miniature ears forming the design upon the fabric.

—Velvet bretelles, a high velvet dog collar and cuffs, velvet straps across full guimpes or blouse vests, and velvet belts and sashes will enrich wash dresses that are otherwise of very simple fabrics.

—A necklet of pearl beads is one of the pretty dainty creations of the season. It is made with a dog-collar and long netted fringe with pendants, and may be worn over a close body or with a low corsage.

—Some of the new sateens have stripes of blue, mauve or pink alternating with white, with rosebuds strewn over them. These will be used for skirts, the overdress being of plain sateen corresponding to the colored stripes.

—A turquoise blue plush bonnet has a plaited crown. The brim is covered smoothly and is edged with gold beads. The trimming consists of pale yellow feathers and aigrette. The strings are of blue satin corresponding to the shade of the plush.

—New silks for spring wear consist of serge-woven surahs, India silk in seven-yard lengths, plain and figured, to be combined in a costume, and China and Japan silks, with the popular Mikado figures and colors, mingled with palms, arabesques and conventionalized flower and leaf design.

—While the American women are rushing into low-necked gowns with an enthusiasm that amounts to recklessness, word comes from Paris that, out of ten women attired for dinner or an evening party, you will not find more than three in absolutely low dresses; for hops not more than one.

—A very pretty indoor dress is of gray woolen, trimmed with passementerie and rosary beads. The silk underskirt is bordered with a narrow kilting; the overdress is plaited and ornamented with pointed tabs edged with beads; the tunic, which is plaited in front, is draped high at the side, the ends terminating with tassels. Zouave vest with full plastron.

—In no point whatever is fashion subjected to any rigid rule in the shape of bodices. Of peaked waists, round waists, pleated or gauged waists, Jersey bodices, casaquins, or coats there is no end; they may be in either vest habit, Gretchen, cuirass, zouave, Russian, jaunty French, or severe Quaker style; they may be as long and "wooden" in their fashion as a Joan of Arc bodice, or the natural waist-line may be relegated to half-way up the length of the waist, a la bebe, and yet be in best form. The only question at present to be weighed in regard to the corsage is, which of all is most becoming?

HORSE NOTES.

—A. J. Cassatt's Rica, aged, is entered for the Rockaway steeplechase meeting.

—There is talk of building a race track at Ashland, Pa., and starting a jockey club.

—Walter M. Greene, Treasurer of the Narragansett Park Association, died on February 5.

—J. D. Ripley will sell his entire stable of trotters in the spring. Phil Thompson, record 2.16½ is among the lot.

—Suffolk, Point Breeze, Belmont and Gentlemen's Driving Courses should each give a free-for-all purse for pacers to saddle at their coming spring meetings.

A pacing mare, said to be very fast, sired by Tyrone, son of Scott's Hiatoga, dam by Billy Bashaw, has been purchased by a Boston man in Wisconsin for $1750.

—N. G. Edleblute, of Brookville, has addressed a circular to the trotting horse breeders of the western section of the State, with a view to the formation of an association.

—"Knapsack" McCarthy has shipped his stable from Lexington, Ky., to Chicago. In the string are Richball, Mambrino, Sparkle, Marlowe, Felix, Belle F., Mattie H. and Otto K.

—A revival of winter trotting and racing is coming in the South. Jacksonville, Fla., and Charleston, S. C., are already in the field, and Tarboro, N. C., is agitating the organization of a circuit.

—Samuel Scott the breeder of Scott's Hiatoga, Scott's Chief, Maria Scott, Duck, Tyrone, Bay Girl and a number of trotters and pacers, died at New Philadelphia, O., on January 26, at the age of 70 years.

—The entries for the spring meeting of the St. Louis fair races are as follows: The Carriage Builders' stakes is for two-year-olds, over three-quarters of a mile, and has sixty-seven subscribers. J. S. Clark has three nominations; S. S. Brown, three; the Palo Alto stock farm, three; F. B. Harper, two; W. Cottrill, two; Chinn & Morgan, two; R. C. Pate, one; the Santa Anita stables, four; P. G. Cocks and J. B. Haggin have five each; Ed Corrigan, seven.

—Hyde & Behman, of Brooklyn, have purchased the Prospect Park Fair Grounds on Long Island for $90,000, and it is rumored that it may be devoted to running purposes. The Engeman estate holds a lease of the property until November next.

The Jockey Club of Mexico will hold its spring meeting April 25 and May 2 and 3. The programme is a novel one and covers a wide range, including thoroughbreds, crossbreds, trotters to "wagon with single horse, form, and weight unrestricted," etc.

—The black colt Sharpfellow, foaled 1884, by Longfellow, dam Scissors, by War Dance, out of Monomania, by Melbourne, Jr., property of Captain William Cottrill, recently fell and broke his back while being exercised at the Bascombe Course, Mobile.

—J. R. Hubbard, agent for Commodore N. W. Kittson, of the Erdenheim Stud, has sold to W. J. Fitzpatrick the ch. f. Sister Marie (1884), by Reform, dam Sister of Mercy, and to M. Yeokle the ch. c. Brushwood (1884), by imp. Woodlands, dam Nemesis.

—The following were elected officers of the New York Driving Club recently: President, David Bonner; Vice President N. L. Hunting; Treasurer, A. De Cordova; Secretary, Thomas L. Watts, Executive Committee, Stephen F. Knapp, Nathan Straus, Charles H. Raymond, J. H. Miller and David Scott.

—The Sale and Livery Stables stakes is for two-year-old fillies, over three-quarters of a mile. This has fifty-nine subscribers. The Melbourne stables send two; W. L. Cassidy, two; the Fleetwood stables, two; the Palo Alto stock farm, two; F. B. Harper, two; R. C. Pate, one; J. B. Haggin, four; P. G. Cocks, four; and Ed Corrigan, five.

—Quite a number of trotting records were beaten last season. Maud S. lowered the trotting record to 2.08¾; Patron cut the 3-year-old stallion mark down to 2.19½; Anteeo made the 4 year-old stallion record 2.16½; Fanny Witherspoon beat Monroe Chief's two-mile record 2 seconds by doing the distance in 4.43; Cohannet also lowered the pacing stallion mark to 2.17¼.

—The entries that have been made to the stakes of the Latonia Jockey Club this year are more in number than at any time in the history of the club. There are fourteen stakes, and 836 entries. During the spring meeting the following events will be decided:

The Clipsetta stakes, which is for two-year-old fillies, has sixty-three subscribers, and is over five furlongs of ground. Ed Corrigan sends four entries; J. B. Haggin, six; F. B. Harper a couple, and W. L. Cassidy the same number. Among the eastern horse owners represented are Blohm & Co., the Melbourne stables, and the Lone Star stables.

The Harold stakes, which is for two-year-old colts, has fifty-eight entries, and is over five furlongs. J. B. Haggin has entered five; Ed Corrigan, two; R. C. Pate, two; W. Cottrill, the same number, S. S. Brown, two. The Santa Anita stables send three.

—The Tobacco stakes is a selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, one mile and a furlong. This has seventy-one subscribers. Alexander & Hoffman have entered three horses; N. Armstrong, four; Blohm & Co., two; S. S. Brown, three; J. S. Campbell, four; Ed Corrigan, two; J. B. Haggin, two; W. Mulkey, two; R. C. Pate, two; J. & J. Swigert, three.

The Cincinnati Hotel stakes is a handicap for all ages, over a mile and a quarter, and has seventy entries. Alexander & Hoffman have three; N. Armstrong, three; Blohm & Co., one; S. S. Brown, five; S. Bryant, three; John S. Campbell, three; Ed Corrigan, six; J. B. Haggin, four; the Melbourne stables, two; W. Mulkey, two; R. C. Pate, four; Santa Anita stables, five.

FARM NOTES.

SLUMBERING PLANTS.—It is well known that plants sleep at night, but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. A French chemist subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours—exposing it to a bright light at night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding, in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes waking up, from the force of habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use. But after an obvious struggle the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night without any apparent ill-effects. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at 5 or 6 in the morning and shuts at 9 in the evening; the daisy opens it's day's eye to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others close their blossoms at different hours toward evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at 8 in the morning, and closes forever at 4 in the afternoon. The night-flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight, it is in full bloom at midnight and closes, never to open again, at the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till after sunrise.

SANDY soils contain at least 80 per cent. of silicious sand; they are extremely porous and, of course, easily permeable by air, water and the roots of plants. The color, in such soils when not white varies from yellow to brown and red, according to the quantity of oxide of iron that they contain. In fact oxide of iron produces these colors in all kinds of soils, excepting the chalks and black molds. A red sandy soil is likely to be fertile from the fact that oxide of iron has the power of retaining phosphoric acid. A sand soil when devoid of lime, iron, and alumina and humus is barren, for it is then pure sand, which is nothing but small silex and quartz stone. There are, however, some sand soils consisting of over 94 per cent. silex with only 2 per cent. of clay and one each of humus, phosphoric acid and lime, and yet these deficient soils are very productive when sown with legumes like clover and lucern. Little or no nitrogen exists in such soils and yet the legumes that grow there abound in nitrogen. This fact has been adduced as evidence in favor of the theory that plants derive much of their nitrogen in some way direct from the atmosphere. A barren sand can be made fertile by the application to it of limed muck, clay and marl, and afterwards the fertility could be kept up for a long time by green manuring.

THE stock interest of this country is immense, and is certainly the most profitable branch of husbandry. Our horses, cattle, hogs and sheep bring in an immense revenue to the farmer, both from foreign and home markets. It behooves the farmer, then, to foster and built up this business in every conceivable way. Our stock is too much on the scrub order, and on an average, is only about half fed and half cared for. This should be remembered and our farm animals brought up to a high standard of excellence in breeding and in merit. Again, they should be much better cared for on most farms than they are.

THE farmer who attempts to raise hogs and begins by keeping them until a year or more old before attempting to feed them out for market makes a mistake and will find the business, as a rule, unprofitable. The cheapest pork is made from pigs that come in the early spring and are fed out in the fall, at about eight or nine months of age, for market, though it may be better to have the pigs come in the late fall and then feed them out and put them on the market in the summer months; as it is generally true that better average prices can be obtained in these months than at any other time.

THE New England farmers have settled down to the conviction that the silo is a valuable auxiliary to the stock farmer, enabling him to become a little more independent than formerly of unfavorable weather for curing and preserving the crops grown. The Massachusetts farmer who cultivates forty-five acres, has fodder enough on hand to winter fifty head of cattle, and will sell his best hay at $20 a ton.

THE care of milk is not understood as well as it should be by many farmers' families. Milk cannot be exposed to deleterious influences, such as the bad odors of the stable, moldy and impure milk room, and many other things which could be mentioned, without being contaminated. The milk room must be properly cooled, and its temperature kept regular, either by natural or artificial means. In fact the milk is as a rule handled too carelessly for making the highest quality of butter.

TO prevent the spread of chicken cholera Dr. Salmon recommends a mixture of two ounces of sulphuric acid to two gallons of water. This will destroy every germ of cholera that it touches in a few minutes, being one of the best disinfectants known.

GIVE your hens all the skimmed milk and buttermilk that you can. They will repay you for it fully as well as the pigs. Nest boxes should either be thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed, or else burned and replaced by new ones quite frequently.

IT is said that France exports more gee-e than any other country in the world. What is it the French do not produce? Their habits of production and economy are enough to make a thriving nation.

WATCH the turkeys that they do not wander into the woods, and become victims of malicious and careless sportsmen.

LADIES who apply themselves closely to business are almost invariably among the most successful poultry raisers.

Col. D. J. Williamson, Quarter-Master U. S. A., and ex-U. S. Consul at Callao, Peru, spent $20,000 in eight years in trying to cure himself of rheumatism, but got no relief until he used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured him.

No great civilization is possible to a race, nor spiritual progress to an individual, where the power of death to dissolve life is not conquered in thought and feeling.

IT IS SO EVERYWHERE.—E. B. Ball, druggist at Hiattsville, Kan., has this to write about Allen's Lung Balsam: "It is the best selling throat and lung remedy, and gives general satisfaction. I cheerfully recommend it." Price 25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle at Druggists.

If you will not do that which God hath enabled you to do, how can you expect that he should do that for you, which, of yourselves, you cannot do?

A railroad engineer in York state was cured of Kidney complaint by wearing a *Hop Plaster*. "I recommend them to all the boys," he says. 25c. any drug store.

REASONING BY ANALOGY.—"Does your wife talk in her sleep?" asked one married man of another, one day when they were comparing notes. "I don't lie awake to see," replied the heartless husband, "but she talks all the rest of the time, so I rather guess she does."

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

THE SHAH of Persia smokes a pipe valued at $400,000. We may expect to hear at any time that the bank of which the Shah is president has failed for $2,000,000 or $3,000,000.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

A NEW YORK woman has received a proposal of marriage for sturdily refusing to tell a secret. In New York such a woman is one out of several millions; in Baltimore they can be counted by the dozens.

WE HAVE used Ely's Cream Balm in our home for nearly two years, and find it the best medicine we have ever used for colds or catarrh.—J. C. Vasselin, Covington, Tioga Co., Pa.

A SAFE weighing thirteen tons has just been put in a Cleveland vault. But we don't see where the advantage of its weight comes in. A cashier seldom attempts to lug the safe with him when he leaves with the intention of summering in Canada.

WORMS ARE THE SCOURGE OF CHILDHOOD. Thousands of children die or grow up weak and sickly, with disordered nerves and stunted minds, the food necessary to their growth having been eaten up by these disgusting parasites. DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS not only expels worms, but frees the stomach from the unhealthy secretions in which they breed.

A NEW YORK dog catcher wears a diamond ring. A man should always try to live up to the profession in which he is engaged, although just at the present moment this dog catcher may be mistaken for a bank president in "reduced" circumstances.

Do not read this for it is an advertisement calculated to show forth the virtues and wonderful recuperative power of Carboline, the great Petroleum Hair renewer, as it is nature's own production we cannot praise it too highly. Try it yourself. For sale by all druggists.

SCENE—Military School Officer: "Who invented gunpowder?" Recruit—"Most likely an artilleryman."

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

PISCATOR—"Can you tell me where that road goes to?" Rustic—"Doesn't know as ever it goes any wheres; it's allus here when Oi coom by!"

Had a bilious attack and one of those indescribable cases of constant weariness. Took quinine and other remedies without relief. Took Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; am strong and well. ASA THOMPSON, Logan, Ohio.

FIRST PATRON.—Do you know where Barber Jenkins gets his conversational powers?"

Second Patron—"From his wife, I believe."

FOUR SCORE YEARS AND TEN have not seen the equal of Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Colds in the Head, and Hay Fever.. It works like magic, giving relief at once and permanent benefit. A thorough treatment cures the worst cases. Apply with the finger into the nostrils. Price 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN CALLER, WHO HAS FORGOTTEN HIS WATCH—"I see you don't keep a clock." Young lady (snatching at the opportunity)"No, sir; we don't need one. We keep a very large watch dog.

A natural color, that defies detection, is produced by Buckingham's Dye for Whiskers.

Leading physicians testify to the value of Ayer's Cherry Pect'ri, as a specific for colds.

A New York man has commenced the manufacture of vinegar from sawdust. He dumps it into a big retort, heated very hot. About 47 per cent. of what boils over is crude vinegar. This is boiled down and purified. It is then ready for use.

A Small Leak

will sink a great ship; and what at first appears to be a trifling cough is apt to culminate in consumption if not properly attended to in time. For consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and for all blood and skin diseases, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal. By druggists.

Examine the mouth of young stock to see if they have loose teeth in the way of feeding.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated Vegetable extracts. By druggists.

It is with our good intentions as with our days; to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated pamphlet suggesting sure cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A sudden elevation in life, like mounting into a rarer atmosphere, swells us out, and often perniciously.

A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kewanne, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of Consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work.

Be careful how thou sayest anything of the absent, which thou shouldst be unwilling they should hear, if present.

A COLD of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

FOR THE BLOOD
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

MISS EMMA HARTMAN, Allentown, Pa., says: "My blood was very thin and watery, and I became weak and languid. After using four bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters I am entirely restored to health and strength, and cheerfully recommend it.

MRS. M. W. SALE, 515 S. Pine St., Richmond, Va., says: "My little boy was suffering from a very serious attack of blood poisoning, and the doctor not benefiting him in the least, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters. Two bottles cured him, although his blood was in a terrible state. It is certainly a great tonic and purifier and I heartily recommend it.

DANIEL MCCREANEY, 308 N. Green St., Trenton, N. J., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for the blood with the best results. I cannot recommend it too highly as a blood purifier.

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ANAKESIS.
PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE for PILES. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere.—Price, $1.00 per box. PREPAID, by mail. Samples sent FREE. by P. NEUSTADTER & Co., No. 83 Mercer St., New York. Sole manuf. of "ANAKESIS."

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

U.S. STANDARD JONES OF BINGHAMTON
5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box. $60 AND
JONES he pays the freight—for Free Price List mention this paper, and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N.Y.

SHORTHAND Writing. Best paying Home Study. Lessons by mail a perfect success. Great demand for young men and women as Shorthand Clerks, etc. Situations procured for students when competent. Send for circular. J. W. ROBERTS, Elmira, N. Y.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delays from business, tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 811 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2228 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. m., and Sundays.

CAULIFLOWERS AND HOW TO GROW THEM. A new book with Practical Information in Minute Detail. By mail 20 cts. FRANCIS BRILL, Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y.

PENSIONS INCREASED
Write L. Bingham, Washington, D. C.

MITCHELL'S PERFORATED BELLADONNA PLASTERS cure all Aches and Pains. Sure remedy for that COLD SPOT between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Send Name Quick for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Dolman and Mantel Cutting, etc. Agents sell 10 a day. Prof. Moody, Cin., O.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

SCIENTIFIC.

Dr. Liman, of Berlin, has recently made some interesting observations on the effects of lightning exhibited in the bodies of two men who were struck down while taking shelter from a storm beneath trees. The hair was singed, and the skin in many places discolored. On one of the bodies was seen one of those peculiar figures which have often been described as impressions of branches, twigs, etc., and which have given rise to the fiction that the body of a person struck by lightning will sometimes bear a kind of photographic picture of the trees, etc., near him. In this case the figure resembles a palm leaf, but it was traced to the contact of the folds of the shirt, such parts as were under pressure remaining white, the rest being discolored brown. In the case of both men some of the internal organs were ruptured.

In the Kharkoo region of Russia quinine is considered of no account for the cure of chills and fever. The Kharkoo doctor catches a mess of live crabs, pours whisky over them until they become hilariously drunk, and then puts them in a hot oven. After being well dried they are pulverized, shells and all, and administered in drachm doses. The local papers say that whether the treatment is scientific or not the patient gets well under it, though quinine had no effect on him.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester N. Y.*

"MARGERY," said Ethelbert, as they sat on opposite ends of the sofa, "why am I like the letter Q?"—And a silence fell, broken only by the melodious cough of Margery's throat, "Because, dear," added Ethelbert, "I feel that I am useless without you."

There are nineteen metals more valuable than gold, but no remedy which will compare with Bigelow's Positive Cure for coughs and colds. A prompt and pleasant cure for all throat and lung troubles. 50 cents and $1.

"I HEAR that you are to marry a wealthy American girl," said one British nobleman to another. "Ya'as," replied his Ludship. "You must allow me to congratulate you. Are there any incumbrances on her property?" "Ya'as—the lady."

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Though there is no record of the water ever having entirely ceased to flow over the Falls of Niagara, on the 30th of March, 1847, they very nearly did so. The *Niagara Mail* at the time of the occurrence said: "The 320,000 tons of water each minute' nearly ceased to flow and dwindled away into the appearance of a mere millidam. The rapids above the falls disappeared, leaving scarcely enough on the American side to turn a grindstone." The *Iris* said: "Table Rock, with some two hundred yards more was left dry; islands and places where the foot of man never dared to tread, have been visited, flags placed on some and mementoes brought away. This unexpected event is accounted for by an accumulation of ice at the lower extremity of Fort Erie, which formed a sort of dam between Fort Erie and Buffalo."

In some recent scientific experiments on the effects of cold, two frogs were frozen solid in a temperature of about 20 degrees Fahrenheit, and kept in that condition for half an hour. On thawing slowly they recovered perfectly, but it was found that longer periods of exposure invariably killed the animals. The experiment was tried of freezing hermetically sealed meat, so as to kill its bacterial organism, and thus render it incapable of putrefying. It was found, however, that so low a temperature as 80 degrees below zero would not destroy the vitality of micro-organisms. It was thus made clear that the attempts to preserve meat for a long time by a momentary freezing of it must be abandoned.

The century plant is the American aloe. Its botanical name is Agave Americana, and it is called the maguey in South America and in Mexico the mezcal. It is a plant of the cactus kind, having a short stem, which terminates in a circular cluster of fleshy, sharp-pointed, bluish green leaves, covered with spines. Each of these live, for many years, so that but few have withered when the plant has reached its maturity. It is a popular error that this only occurs once in a hundred years, wherefore the name "century plant" is used.

The valuable alloys of copper and cobalt are obtained by melting in a crucible metallic copper and cobalt under a flux composed of boric acid and wood charcoal. They have a red color and a fine silky fracture.

Genuine cod liver oil gives with aqua regia a dark greenish-yellow liniment which becomes brown in half an hour. White seal oil and even a mixture of equal parts of that oil and cod liver oil give merely a pale yellow liniment.

Dr. Borck, of St. Louis, says that asphaltum varnish is the best disinfectant he knows of; it will destroy all germs at once, and no household insects will approach an article of furniture whose interior has been painted with it.

IT does not require a great quantity of water to rear ducks successfully; indeed, they must not be allowed freedom to it while small.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

Purify Your Blood

Your blood may be laden with impurities, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly cleanse, enrich, and vitalize it. The most severe cases of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples,—in fact all affections arising from impure blood, yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It also cures dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, sharpens the appetite, and builds up the whole system.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing for me. It tones up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives a great amount of benefit from it." F. C. TURNER, Hook and Ladder No. 1, Boston.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me and I can safely recommend it." JOSEPH SCHOCH, Peoria, Ill.

"I was troubled with salt rheum three years; I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and am entirely cured, and my weight has increased from 106 pounds to 135." MRS. ALICE SMITH, Stamford, Conn.

"My son suffered from spring debility and loss of appetite, but was restored to health as soon as he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. THALIA SMITH, Scipioville, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of blood poison." W. H. BARR, Steubenville, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

The investigation of thunderstorms is becoming more and more a specialty with scientific men. France has made an important study of them for a number of years. Bavaria and Belgium have more recently taken them up, and in our own country, as well as elsewhere, considerable has been undertaken in this direction. In a recent report by Lancaster on the famous storms of 1879 in Belgium, the conclusions previously announced there are confirmed, namely that thunderstorms occur only in the southeast quadrant of the barometric depressions, or great cyclonic storms that frequently sweep across temperate latitudes. But there still remains to be found the actual mechanism of thunderstorms, concerning which so many opinions have been put forth. It is thought that the matter will probably remain in doubt until settled by the same kind of investigation that demonstrated the inward spiral path of cyclonic winds. Synoptic charts for a stormy afternoon, with hourly or even half-hourly intervals, and stations only a mile or two apart, would probably settle the question beyond dispute.

Careful experiment has disclosed the fact that a single square foot of leaf surface in the case of soft, thin-leaved plants will, during fair weather, exhale aqueous vapor at the rate of one and a quarter ounce daily. At night the rate is only about one-fifth as rapid as during the day, and during rainy weather there is absolutely no evaporation.

The cataracts of the Nile are due to granite veins, which the river, while working a way through the sandstone, has been unable to destroy or remove.

ALLEN'S 25 CENTS for Cough 25 CENTS for Croup
COUGHS COLDS CONSUMPTION BRONCHITIS CROUP
THE BEST REMEDY FOR CURING
LUNG BALSAM
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
Cough or Croup REMEDY.
AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
It Contains no Opium in Any Form.
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in Three Size Bottles. Price 25 Cents, 50 Cents and $1 Per Bottle. The 25-Cent Bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Croup Remedy. Those desiring a remedy for CONSUMPTION or any LUNG DISEASE should secure the large $1 bottles.
Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 per Bottle.
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.
You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of *Vitality* and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in *sealed envelope* mailed free, by address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE. Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, &c. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.
7 460

VINEGAR BITTERS
Vinegar Bitters, a purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.
Vinegar Bitters is the best remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.
Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No house should ever be without it.
Vinegar Bitters cures Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, diseases of the Heart, Liver and Kidneys, and a hundred other painful disorders.
Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be in the hands of every child and youth in the country.
Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.
R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N. Y.

EPITHELIOMA!
OR SKIN CANCER.
For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, and I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflamation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and am able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little scar marks the place.
MRS. JOSCIE A. MCDONALD.
Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1883.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
N. Y., 197 W., 23d St.

ACTINA, THE GREAT EYE RESTORER.
PROF. WILSON, INVENTOR.
This represents the "Actina," a small, self-regulating battery, which is worn on the back of the hand, while the current passes through the eye, thus curing the most obstinate cases of weak eyes, and restoring the sight when all other means have failed. Send for Prof. Wilson's Journal; mailed free each week.
ONE TREATMENT FREE.
Persons suffering from diseases of the eye in any and every form, such as Cataracts, Myopia, Presbyopia, Granulated Lids, Chronic Ophthalmia, etc., etc., *absolutely cured*. Short-sightedness, which to the oculists has ever been impossible to cure, cannot exist after using Actina.
Address PROF. WILLIAM C. WILSON, 3113 Chestnut Street, Phila.

Important Caution to Persons Seeking Relief from my World-renowned Remedy.
Owing to my great success in the restoration of sight by the use of "ACTINA," several persons have attempted to place on the market a fraudulent imitation of my wonderful little instrument, persons are therefore warned that every Battery, if genuine, must bear the imprint in the copper bands around the zinc body the words "ACTINA, W. C. WILSON, INVENTOR." Persons write or call on me every day complaining of such frauds, stating their eyes have been injured by these vile imitations, therefore, any persons offering for sale an eye restorer under the name of "ACTINA," and not holding my written autograph, so to sell, are frauds, and I will reward every person giving me information against such persons in any state, city or village.
Throw away your spectacles. Get rid of your Catarrh, and all diseases of the eye.
Price, $10. If $500 were paid for it would be cheap. Will last a lifetime. Fifty in one family may use it. Address
Prof. WM. C. WILSON, 1113 Chestnut Street, Phila.
Agents wanted in every City of the Union. $50 a week may be made.

MEN ONLY. A Quick, Permanent CURE for LOST MANHOOD, DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS, WEAKNESS. No quackery. INDISPUTABLE PROOFS. Book by mail, SEALED, FREE. ERIA MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y

Vinegar Bitters, a purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.
Vinegar Bitters is the best remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.
Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No house should ever be without it.
Vinegar Bitters cures Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, diseases of the Heart, Liver and Kidneys, and a hundred other painful disorders.
Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be in the hands of every child and youth in the country.
Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.
R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N. Y.

BAUGH'S TRADE MARK $25 PHOSPHATE
Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide.
BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY.
A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial package. Send Stamp for sealed particulars. Address, Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
Oval Box, $1 Oct. round, 50 cts.

HURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER
cools Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits
EASILY CURED. ADVICE FREE.
DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4d. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2813 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.
Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Samples Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List.
J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE A book worth $10, on Courtship, sent free by the Union Pub. Co., Newark, N.J. Send stamps for post'g. LOVE

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MARCH 3, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

YOU CAN FIND US WITH A

A Better Assorted Stock

THAN EVER IN OUR ELEGANT NEW ROOMS IN

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——German Canary Birds, all comparatively cheap at Murrays Drug Store.

——The *Gazette* put a horrible artist on a fine set-to.

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

——New buildings are in contemplation at Coburn next summer.

——Good assortment of bird cages for sale at Murray's drug store. tf

——The *Gazette* might bank less on headlines and a little more on "headlight."

——Mr. George Woods, an old resident of Gregg, died on Tuesday. He was upwards of 80 years old.

——Some of the late storms had their origin in Centre Hall—musn't blame the ground hog for all of it.

——The Bellefonte *Republican* and the *Gazette* are in the attitude of two night owls in day time—one can't see t'other.

——Frank Wright, of near Tusseyville, thinks of buying a lot near the Centre Hall station, and putting up a cooper shop.

——Mrs. Maria Foster, mother of Samuel F. Foster, formerly of this place, died at her home at State College, a few days ago, aged 86 years.

——Mr. John A. Roop, mercantile appraiser, was around this week, attending to the duties of his office. He will prove a competent appraiser.

—— Mingle's shoe store, in the Brockerhoff house block, is where folks generally go who want a good boot or shoe, and at reasonable prices.

——Mrs. Garrity, wife of Stephen Garrity, of the Seven Mts., died last week. Her remains were taken to Bellefonte, on Friday, for burial.

——Subscribers who change post-offices this spring will please inform us, giving the name of the office they move from as well as the new address. tf

——Rev. DeLong, of the Bellefonte Reformed charge, has received a call from the Lewisburg charge. Rev. DeLong's flock will regret to have their pastor leave them.

——The railroad company is making repairs and putting paint on the old depot at Bellefonte. This is equivalent to serving notice that a new depot will not be built

——The *Watchman* intimates that J. G. Kurtz may return to Bellefonte and enter the journalistic field again. We rather think the town will not be finished until it has another newspaper.

—— Clearfield county capitalists talk of building 22 miles of railroad to connect DuBois and Clearfield. A route has been surveyed and the road can be built and equipped for $200,000.

——Mr. J. B. Musser and Harvy Wirt, of Gregg, gave the REPORTER a call, mid all the fierce storm of last Friday, and continued their journey to Bellefonte. We should not fancied their trip.

——Bro. Land, of the Reformed church, held communion services on Sabbath last, at Centre Hall, and took in 13 catechumens as new members in the church. There was a large audience present.

——The Evangelical Conference is in session now in the new church at Millheim. There are over 100 ministers present, and a large attendance of visitors, who find the sessions full of interest.

——One of the ugliest storms of the season was the one which howled over and through here on last Friday. It was a hateful, roaring fiend, and seemed to try to render itself unpleasant generally, and it succeeded too.

——For general information, and to dispel needless alarm, we say that at this writing there is no scarlet fever or other fever at Centre Hall—and rarely is. This we state upon our own responsibility and that is good authority.

——The b'oro' dads should provide for street lamps, like all well regulated towns, and see that the defective board walks are put in passible condition; an accident may put the boro' into any amount of damages. A stitch in time saves nine.

——A cold, fierce wind set in again on Monday night and continued on Tuesday. The ground hog may still claim some credit as an Almanac maker. Perhaps a premium on the scalp of the animal might make him keep in his hole.

——A musical concert will be held in the old white church, in Aaronsburg, on March 13, conducted by Prof J. G. Meyer, and the well-known solo singer, Prof. Lowell Meyer, of Centre Hall. Millheim and Rebersburg friends will also take part in it. All are invited.

——The Centre Hall squabble was debated by the Millheim mock court. Next we expect the thing to be talked to death in congress, as forming a basis for the increase of the pension list, with old Edmunds moving a resolution to send for persons and papers.

——Robert Cassidy, and his partner, Mr. Feidler, of the Bellefonte *Gazette*, humbled themselves enough, last Saturday, to give the REPORTER a pleasant call. Cassidy is of Canton, Ohio, but an old Centre county printer, whom we knew when a boy. Messrs. Cassidy and Feidler are printing a live paper.

——J. Kyle McFarlane & Co., of Bellefonte, are offering extra inducements to cash buyers of stoves, hardware and every thing in their line. The Regulator cook they sell is undoubtedly the largest and best stove in the market. It weighs more than any other of same number. The top is guaranteed not to warp.

——A marble yard will be opened at Centre Hall, in a few days, by Mr. Strohmaier, who is a skilled workman on marble and granite. Monuments, tombstones, and every class of work used for tombs will be finished and put up in first class style, by Mr. Strohmaier, and satisfaction guaranteed, both as to work turned out and prices.

——The *Gazette* has set its best artist to work on the recent little set-to in our post office, and has made the event historic by picters. The *Gazette* has perhaps never "been there" and can't know how it is—its pictures are awful enough, indeed, but the orignal was much more awfully awful. Send the picters over, neighbor, for exhibition in these solemn columns.

——Mr. Isaac Underwood, of Spring Mills, is prepared to furnish, on short notice, all kinds of plaining mill work, from a West Branch factory, at prices which will make it an object for parties wishing to buy to consult him before purchasing elsewhere. Outside and inside trimmings for houses a specialty. Plans and specifications furnished on application with estimate of cost. 3m3t

——The new Evangelical church, at Millheim, was dedicated last Sabbath. It is a fine and imposing edifice, and a credit to the charge. There was a large and crowded audience, and many could not gain admittance. The sermons were appropriate and forcible for the occasion. The cost of the church is something like $7000. About $2000 were raised which liquidated the indebtedness upon which the congregationis to be congratulated.

——Bellwood is the romantic name of a little village in Blair county. With a Chautauqua Circle, Knights of Labor, a Building and Loan Association, a Grand Army Post, and illuminated streets, the lively village keeps right up with the spirit of progress.—Patriot.

Just what we noticed when up there the other day—they don't seem to tolerate fellows in Bellwood who fight the "spirit of progress." It has a town council which didn't refuse to straighten the streets for spite.

——Yesterday morning Mr. Jacob Feidler and Mr. Daniel Stover, both of Haines township, left their homes near Feidler in a two-horse wagon to haul wood and on their way back from the mountain along Pine Creek the loaded wagon upset, throwing both men on the ground. Mr. Stover had the misfortune to have his arm broken by the fall. Mr. Feidler fell on his head, the crown of his hat receiving a cut of about four inches, but strange to say he escaped without bodily injury.—Journal, 24.

EXPLANATION.

Owing to a misunderstanding I was reported as denying the existence of scarlet fever in Centre Hall. Let me say by way of explanation and vindication of my innocence that I never discussed any assertion regarding the existence of scarlet fever in Centre Hall. I saw a case of scarlet fever with Dr. J. F. Alexander, which proved fatal. Several children took sick soon after the death of this patient with symptoms simulating scarlet fever which created a scare in the families of those afflicted. It was soon evident that there was no scarlet fever in these families, and if I said anything at all it was with regard to those patients or others in my own families, assuring them they had not scarlet fever. But I say most emphatically that I never said a word regarding any case being treated by Dr. J. F. Alexander, save that I had seen a case that died with scarlet fever In conclusion—I supposed the local was put there for the sake of suppressing the fear due to the threatening epidemic of scarlet fever. W. A. JACOBS.

[The above card we gladly publish at the request of Dr. Jacobs, and add our testimony that so far as reported to us he made no allusion to any other physician, and consequently when we offered to allow him space for an explanation, he deemed it too unimportant, but yielding, no doubt, to solicitation, has chosen to do so. It would seem that a little subsequent tattling disturbed some more than the scarlet fever. There are always hissers.

We think we are safe in saying that whatever symptoms of the disease were here, that to the best of our information, there is none now, and outsiders need have no fears about it.—ED.]

LOGANSVILLE LANDLORD DEAD.

Lock Haven, Feb. 24.—William Cole, well-known in this section of the State as proprietor of the summer hotel at Logansville, Sugar Valley, was in this city to-day to attend to the renewal of his license. After visiting Judge Rankin's residence he started down Water street and when in front of the Presbyterian church was seen to reel and fall. He was placed in a cab and conveyed to the Irving House, but before he reached there he died. Heart disease was the cause of his death.

THE COKE OVENS LIGHTED.

Mount Pleasant, Pa., February 23.—The strike is virtually over and the black smoke is pouring from hundreds of oven mouths between Mount Pleasant and Uniontown. The Hungarians last night decided to go to work until Wednesday, when they will stop if their countrymen are not released. The Hungarian organization has gone to pieces.

The Florida Glide Waltz, by Will J. Thompson, is one of the most beautiful pieces of music for piano or organ, ever published. Any music dealer will mail it to you on receipt of price, 50 cts.

Pay the REPORTER one year in advance and get the *N. Y. World* 6 months free.

THE COURT HOUSE QUESTION—TO THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:—

We, the undersigned recognizing the works of the W. C. T. U. in their effort to suppress the evils of intemperance and believing it to be a benefit to the County as well as locally, subscribe our names to this petition for the use of the Court House for future temperance meetings. Signed.

MRS. J. P. HARRIS,
MRS. BLANCHARD,
AND OTHERS.

To Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Blanchard and others:—The siguers to the above petition asking for the use of the court house for an indefinite length and number of times consist of about 500 vorers representing only about one-sixteenth of the whole number of voters in the county; you have not given any special reason why we should grant the use of the court house to W. C. T. U., to the exclusion of all other societies. You infer that your society has been organized for the suppression of crime and that you have societies all over the country and therefore we should throw open the doors of the court house to the use of the W. C. T. U. for public meetings.

Now if we were to adopt this line of argument as a good and sufficient reason for granting your request, then we could not consistently refuse the court house to any other organization. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Odd Fellows, Free Masons, Y. M. C. A, all might make the same demand of us to throw open the doors of the court house whenever they want it for public meetings as all are societies for the suppression of evil and for the elevation of mankind.

It is true we did grant the court house to the teachers' institute, because we recognize it as a county institution authorized and created by the Legislature and most of the expenses of holding same are paid out of the county treasury and therefore we believe they had a legal right to its use.

As custodians of the county property built and kept in repair at the expense of the tax-payers, we cannot see the consistency of giving the court house to one society and exclude others. We know there is often personal abuse heaped upon us because we dared to do what we believed right, but a sense of duty compells us in this instance to refuse the court house to the W. C. T. U., believing that our action will be sustained by a majority of the voters in the county. Assuring you that it is not in any spirit of antagonism to the temperance cause that we have taken this stand.

In addition to the above we beg leave to submit for your consideration the opinion of Judge Yerkes recently given before the courts at Doylestown, Pa., which in our mind is a convincing evidence that we have no right to make a town hall out of the court-house.

Judge Yerkes said: "It is difficult to understand by what authority the County Commissioners permit the public buildings to be constantly occupied, for a term of years, and used for a government post-office at Doylestown borough, or for any other purpose not connected with the public business of the county. These buildings were erected for the use of the people of Bucks county to conduct their public business in and neither the general government nor the people of any borough or district of the county nor any association, society or corporation however commendable, useful and worthy, has any special or peculiar privilege therein, especially to the exclusion and detriment of the convenient, economical conduct of the public affairs of the county. The Commissioners have no power or right to use these grounds to erect on them large and unnecessary buildings and to rent them or any part of them, out of any purpose; to concede that they may do so in one case is paving the road for further abuses. Other buildings might be constructed thereon for different purposes, and next we may expect these rooms occupied for lawyers' offices or even shops or saloons by some favorite or relative of the Commissioner."

All of which is respectfully submitted. We are respectfully,

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GRIEST.

Miss Josephine Weaver, a young lady residing at Kittanning, a few days ago, had five more pieces of cambric needles removed from her left leg by a surgeon. She is known as the "living needle cushion," and during the last years has had extracted ninety-two needles, whole and in part, from her limbs. The lady maintains that she is bewitched. It is generally believed that she is a monomaniac on the subject of sticking herself full of needles, but her parents assert that they have watched her often, and found no evidence of such actions.

DELIBERATELY PLANNING HIS DEATH.

Reading, Feb. 23—James K. Winter was found dead in his bed this morning. He had chosen a novel way to end his life and had made his preparations with utmost deliberation. He procured a rubber tube four feet in length and having attached one end to a gas jet in the wall, tied the other under his chin. Then he turned on the gas and went to bed, holding the end of the tube in his mouth. When he had become unconscious and the tube had dropped from his teeth it still poured out the deadly gas under his nostrils. He was 29 years of age and well known. He had been suffering from malaria.

SHAKY JERSEY STATE HOUSE.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 24.—The failing of a large piece of the dome of the State House yesterday afternoon caused considerable discussion this morning. The architect who has drawn plans for the proposed new State House says the dome is in a dangerous condition and likely to topple over at any time. If it should topple over it might bury most of the State officers and a section of the Legislature in ruins. But the State is short of funds, and the tendency now is to appropriate merely enough to put up a plain structure, which can be improved later on. As for the dome, an attempt will be made to brace it up and trust to its staying braced.

Some West Chester ladies have given an exhibition of practical charity by sending a large box of clothing to the destitute women and children in the Welsh mountain. Since the arrest of the gang of Welsh Mountain thieves, citizens of contiguous townships have been able, without endangering their lives, to visit the poor families living in the mountain. They found some of the women and children in a distressed condition, almost naked, starving and sick. Relief has been furnished them.

LOUISE MICHEL IN PRISON.

Observations on the Relative Sociability of Cats and Rats—Domestication.

Louise Michel brought four cats with her from Noumea to France. They were given her when she arrived in New Caledonia by a convict who had served her time and was returning to Europe. The youngest, Moustache, is now 16, and the eldest, Ninette, is 19. They were with her at St. Lazare. The fourth killed himself under circumstances honorable to himself and mistress. The day she was returning from London he was on the top of a house. When he saw her getting out of a cab, he, in trying to jump from balcouy to balcony, fell into the street from the third story and was so injured that he died in a few hours.

These cats at St. Lazare were taught to live on good terms with the rats that came every morning in crowds to Louise's cell to be fed. I asked the "Citoyenne" what she thought of the rat. She said that it was intelligent, incapable of attaching itself, she thought, to a human being, and more on the lookout for benefits to come than for past services, but family affection was strong in its heart. Young rats were not only kind but respectful to their aged relations and, indeed, to old rats in general. Mothers, directly they had weaned their little ones, not only brought them to Louise's cell, but placed them at her feet and seemed to ask her protection for them. There were rats toothless from age. When a crust was thrown to them younger rats chewed it, so as to enable them to eat it comfortably. If a young rat was so ill-bred as to help itself before an elderly one, the others were down upon it.

Before the cats had been taught to live in amity with the denizens of the sewers, Moustache bit the paw off one of the latter. According to Louise Michel, there was quite an explosion of sympathy among her four-footed visitors on behalf of the wounded one, and she gained their confidence by letting it down with a string from her window into the court, after she had nursed it for about a fortnight. When she had been some time in jail the rats grew so dainty that they would not eat plain bread unless she got it toasted for them. The governor of the prison, who was most kind to her, and who is a naturalist and un homme d'esprit, enjoyed her successful attempts to bring cats and rats to live in amity and to tame the latter. She could never domesticate them. No sooner had she fed them than they all climbed up the wall to the window and passed out thereby to return to their sewers.—Paris Cor. London News.

Was It a Case of Telepathy?

The subject of telepathy or the action of one mind upon another, irrespective of distance, is attracting attention in Philadelphia as well as in London. A singular incident occurred a few evenings since, which shows that if there is nothing in telepathy there is at least something queer in coincidences. Dr. J. J. Levick was sitting in his library talking with a friend, and incidentally the subject turned upon telepathy. He had been illustrating it by anecdotes of what he had noticed in hospital practice, and in this way the subject of the great fire of 1850 in Philadelphia was brought up. He spoke of the fact that it originated from the explosion of saltpetre in Brock's warehouse, and remarked: "This gave rise to the question, will saltpetre explode?" He had not spoken or thought of this matter before for twenty years.

The conversation reverting to telepathy, it was explained by saying: "Now, if what we are talking about should be interesting to another mind, as there is nothing to suggest it, that would be telepathy." The conversation broke up about midnight, the friend going home and Dr. Levick retiring. The next day each accidentally took up an evening paper and read the following paragraph: "There used to be a much-vexed question in Philadelphia as to the explosive nature of saltpetre, growing out of the explosion at Brock's store, in Water street, in 1850. Now that a brewery has been blown up by an explosion of oat meal, the old question comes up in a new form: 'Will lager beer explode?'" While they were talking some one, unknown to either of them, was penning the paragraph in question.—Philadelphia Times.

The Danger from Frozen Oranges.

I find a statement going the rounds of the press that the frozen oranges recently sent north from Florida are poisonous. It is stated that the oil from the rind has penetrated the pulp during the process of thawing and a poisonous fungus has developed in the pulp.

The first part of the statement is true, the latter false. The volatile oil in thawed oranges does penetrate the juice of the pulp and makes it bitter. It has the effect of excoriating the mouth, tongue, and lips, but no more so than the oil of any orange. It is not poisonous, except in large quantities, larger than any one person would get out of a dozen oranges.

Their is no fungoid growth in thawed oranges or any other, for I do not find any such organism in any of the frozen and thawed fruit I have examined under the microscope. If any person has been made seriously ill by eating such oranges it has been caused by the coldness of the pulp, taken in large quantities into the stomach. If a frozen orange is slowly thawed at a temperature two or three degrees above the freezing point the pulp remains sweet and wholesome. —E. M. Hale, M. D. in Inter Ocean.

No More African Coasts to Seize.

The scramble of the European powers for long strips of Africa's coasts is practically at an end, owing to the sudden exhaustion of the supply. Africa has 16,700 miles of seacoast, and thirteen months ago there still remained of it about 3,600 miles that foreign governments could appropriate if they thought the game was worth the candle. Last year they cut off fresh strips of this unappropriated coast to add to their other African possessions, and the fragments that now remain, if pieced together, would hardly reach from New York harbor to Cape Hatteras; and as they are utterly worthless, or are claimed by very ill-natured and pugnacious savages, we are not likely to hear of any new protectorates along the shores of the Dark Continent.—New York Sun.

A Wide Field for Adventurers.

South Africa offers a wide field for adventurers. The news from Cape Town is that a new republic has been founded in territory north of Damaroland. A number of daring men have "purchased" a province from the natives, and have called the land the republic of Upingtonia, to which Europeans desirous of free settlements are invited. It is said that building and cultivation are already making rapid progress.—Brooklyn Eagle.

One Way to Collect His Salary.

A negro preacher in Georgia puts a definite amount of his salary debt on each member of the congregation, and when they have no money he makes them work on his farm until they pay off the debt.—Chicago Herald.

Oddities and singularities of behavior may attend genius, but when they do, they are its misfortunes and blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them, or, at least, will never affect to be distinguished by them. —Temple.

Ouida's English publishers pay her $7,000 for each book she writes.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS for the REPORTER.

MARRIED.

On Feb. 18, in Philadelphia, by Rev. James I. Good, John S. Waite, of Bellefonte, and Miss Mary L. Bottorf, of Lemont.

DIED.

On 25 ult. at Potters Mills, Wm. H. Henbey, aged 31 years, 10 months and 2 days. His remains were taken to Churchville for burial.

HORSE SALE.

The undersigned will offer at public sale) at Meyer's Hotel, at Centre Hall,

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1886, 16 HEAD OF HORSES.

All of choice stock, Percherons, Normans, &c., Among which will be fine Driving Horses, Excellent Draft Horses, ages from 3 to 6 years. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock. J. C. RANKIN.

Sale March 10.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 1½ miles east of Tusseyville, Wednesday, March 10, at 1 p. m.: 1 mare, 8 years old, heavy with colt; 1 horse, 5 yrs. old, 1 cow, calf, Chesterwhite sow, spring wagon, buggy, threshing machine and skaker, reaper combined, 2-horse cultivator, set tug harness, set single harness, hay fork and rope complete, one chopper machine, fat press, sausage stuffer, cook stove, coal stove, table, cupboard, lot of chairs bed stead, and other articles.

JACOB R. LEE.

Sale March 19.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, ½ mile east of Boalsburg Friday, March 19, at 1 p. m.: One bay mare with foal, one black horse, 2 cows, 5 shoats, 2 sets of tug harness, set single harness, set flynets, 2-horse wagon, 1-horse spring wagon, open buggy, sleigh sled, hay rake, grain drill, 2 plows, Barrow, hay fork and rope, cider mill, 20 acres of grain in the ground, 2 grain cradles, corn planter, dinner bell riding saddle, fanning mill, bed stead, table, sink forks, rakes, double trees, chains, lot bags, scoop shovel, set hay ladders, and many other articles

Wm. Goheen, Auct. A. OSMAN.

SALE MARCH 24, one mile west of Pine Grove Mills, at 9 a. m., sharp.—Horses, Mules, Cattle, Sheep, Farm Implements, and Household goods.

J. HALE ROSS.

Sale March 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—One-half mile east of Centre Hill, on the Barnet Wagner farm, on Saturday, March 20, at 1 p. m.: 2 good heavy farm mares, 4 cows, one fresh, heifer, 2 calves, 5 head young cattle, 1 bull 2 years old, 2 breeding Sows, 7 pigs, 2 shoats, Chesterwhite boar, Champion reaper and mower, Willoby grain drill, 1 south Bend plow, 2 Centre Hall plows, Centre Hall cornplanter, 2 harrows, single trees, sweep, barrel cider vinegar, and household furniture.

MALCHIA CROTZER.

D. R. Sweetwood, Auct.

Sale March 18.

PUCLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, in Centre Hall, on Thursday, March 18: One good mare with foal, one cow, 2 shoats, household furniture, 3 stoves, and many other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock p. m.

W. R. CAMP.

Sale March 6.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Centre Hall, on Saturday, March 6, at 12:30 p. m.: One horse, buggy and pole, 2 sets single harness, set plow gears, 2 pair flynets, 2 heavy collars, grind stone, cutting box shovels, hoes, picks, hods, forks, iron kettle, digging iron, chains, 4 wheelbarrows, 2 well buckets, string of bells, 3 halters, one heater, lot kindling wood, lot lumber, No. 8 cooking stove coal stove, parlor suit, sink, 3 tables, 3 bed steads, ½ dozen wood-seat chairs, ½ doz. cane-seat chairs, 4 rocking chairs, lounge, brass kettle, dishes, &c.

HORACE ZERBY.

LOTS AT PRIVATE SALE.—Three several parcels of ground, at and near Potters Mills, willed by Joseph Carson, dec'd, to Mrs. M. E. Hutchenson, are offered at private sale. One lot, containing about 18 acres, known as the Wason property, with a tenant house thereon; another lot, known as the Lower property, with a small dwelling thereon; the other a tract of mountain land, on the South of Potters Mills. For further particulars apply to,

WM M. ALLISON,
Potters Mills, Pa.,
Agent for Mrs. M. E. Hutchinson.
10feb6t

Sale March 4.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 2½ miles east of CENTRE HALL, on Thursday, MARCH 4: Three good work horses, 6 milk cows, (7 fresh,) 2 two year old bulls, five yearling bulls, 1 1-year old heifer, four calves, all horn cattle are No. 1 shorthorn breed, one Yorkshire sow and pigs, six No. 1 shoats, broad-wheel wagon and box good as new, good two-horse wagon, Champion combined reaper with rake and dropper, good grain drill good sand-roller, Mummelin cultivator, No. 1 hay rake, long sled, new log sled, carriage, good log riding mill, good set of hay ladders, 25 ft. long; 2 new South Bend plows, 2 Mollie Stark plows, Breckendorn plow, corn scraper, Centre Hall planter, double shovel plow, 2 good harrows, 2 1-horse cultivators, hay fork and pulleys, one harpoon, Lewisburg feed cutter, double and single trees, silo chain, Lidey grain cradle, manure sled, wagon bonser, six good hand rakes, 2 three tongue hay forks, 4 shaking forks, other forks, grubbing hoe, shovel, emery grind stone, 2 bugg poles, pair double harness, pair new heavy brichands, set of cruppers, 2 set of plow gears, collars hames, check lines, 2 single lines, bridles, halters, 2 lead reins, 4 good nets, about 25 steer chains, collar chains, cross-cut saw, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 9 o'clock.

J. N. Lenzel, Auct. GEORGE DURST.

MUSICAL COLLEGE—The 26th Session of Six Weeks, opens Monday evening, April 26, for the teaching and training of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. Address, P. C. MOYER Musical Director, Freeburg, Pa. 24feb4m

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

Especially Desirable for Children.

A lady physician at the Child's Hospital, at Albany, N. Y., says: "We have been using Scott's Emulsion with great success, nearly all of our patients are suffering from bone diseases and our physicians find it very beneficial."

STORE FOR SALE—A very desirable stock of general merchandise, occupying one of the most desirable business stands in Centre county, is offered for sale by Trumpheller & Vonada, in Coburn. For further particulars apply to,

H. H. TRUMPHELLER,
24feb2t New Columbia, Pa.

—UNDERTAKING—After April 1st 1886, I will be well prepared to attend promptly to all the business of an undertaker. Patronage respectfully solicited.

LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall.

SELECT SCHOOL.—The undersigned will open a select school, in Centre Hall, beginning during April. Tuition from $2 to $4. C. M'C. RISHEL.

—Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

—Corn meal grists will be ground at the Centre Hall roller mill, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. tf

SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST SECURED, on first class Kansas farms and town property. Apply to LEWIS KURTZ, tf Newton, Kas.

—Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Hereafter subscribers to the REPORTER, who will remit one year's subscription in advance can retain 25 Cents as a premium for advance pay.

Any of our subscribers sending us the names of two new subscribers with the cash one year in advance, will get one year's credit free on REPORTER.

FOUND HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS.

Reading, Feb. 23.—News comes of a suicide at Churchtown, Lancaster county. Peter Foltz, aged 60, a widower and retired farmer, living with his daughter, went up stairs just before dinner, saying that he intended to lie down. The lifeless body of the old man was found hanging from the rafters in the garret several hours later. Pecuniary losses are said to have been the cause of the suicide.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22, 1886.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra			32
" Western "			30
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates		24
" " " "	bbls		24
Western, ex brands	"	crates	24
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb		10
" mixed "	"		9
" Western, straight	"		6
" " mixed	"		8½
Roosters	"		6
Ducks, Spring	"		12
Turkeys	"		10
DRESSED POULTRY.			
Turkeys, extra, young	per lb		12
" poor to medium	"		10
" old toms	"		9
Spring Chickens, dry picked	"		13
" " scalded	"		10
" Ducks	"		14
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb		7¼
" Fair to good	"	6	6¾
" Common stock	"	3	4½
Sheep, prime	"		5
Lambs, extra	"		6¾
Live Cattle	"		5¾
Hogs, live	"		5¾
Pigs, live	"	4	5½
Dressed Pork	"	5	6
NUTS.			
Chestnuts, per bushel		$2 00	2 25
Shellbarks, do			80
Walnuts, do		45	50
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Cabbage	per 100		$4 00
Apples, new	per bbl		1 75
Potatoes, Early Rose	per bus		65
" Burbanks, choice	"		66
" Mixed Lots	"		50
HAY AND STRAW.			
Timothy, choice	per ton		$18 00
" fair	"	12 00	16 00
Cut Hay	"		21 00
Rye Straw	"		20 00
Wheat Straw	"		11 00
Oat straw	"		10 00
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb	9½	10
Flax	per bu		1 40
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice			10¼
Ohio, fat, fine			9¾
DRIED FRUIT.			
Pitted Cherries	per lb	9	10½
Raspberries	"		13
Blackberries	"	7	8½
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	"		3½
do pared	"		10
Apples, ¼s	"		3
do sliced	"		4
BEANS.			
New Marrow	per bus		1 75
Old do	"		
Marrow Pea Bean	"		1 50
White Kidney Bean	"		1 90
Red do do	"		2 00
Green Peas	"		1 15
WOOL.			
Tub Washed	per lb	22	25
Unwashed	"	22	25
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb		50
Prime "	"	47	49
Chicken	"	4	7
Turkey, as to quality	"	7	6
Duck	"	25	30
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
" Salted	"	11	12
Hides, Green, Steer	"	6	7
" " Cow	"	4	5
" " Bull	"	4	5
" Salted Steer	"	9	9½
" " Cow	"		8½
Sheep Skins, per piece		85	1 20
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	6¼	7
Tallow, Solid	"		7
" Cake	"		5¼
Honey in Comb	"		16
Country Soap	"		5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 16.—Wheat was dull and ½ lower with 87 bid and 88¼ asked for Feb; 88¾ bid and 89½ asked for March. Corn was dull quiet and, with 47¼ bid and 48¾ asked for February, Mar. and May. Oats were steady, with 39¾ old and 40¼ asked for Februay; 39¼ bid and 40¼ asked for Mar.

THE CATTLE MARKET.

Beef cattle—Extra 5¼a6¼ cents, good 4¼a5¼c, medium 3¾a4¼c, common 2¾a3¾c.

Sheep were in fair demand and firm. Extra 5¼a5¾c, good 4¼a5¼c, common 3a3¾c.

Lambs, at 3¾a7c.

Hogs were inactive, at 6¼a6¾c.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	18
Ham	12	Shoes	7
Shoulders	7	Potatoes	30
Lard	6		

—o—

GRAIN MRKETS.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, Red	$ 87	Oats	$ 30
" White	82	Rye	56
Corn, shelled	40	Barley, No. 1	60

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

COAL.

For Cash or Grain.

Egg	$ 4 50	Small Stove	$ 4 65
Broken	4 50	Pea	2 90
Lump	4 50	Soft	2 50
Chestnut	4 50		

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 60	Bran per ton	16 50
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 40	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
2d Best Roller Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	18 50	retail per cwt	1 30

Prices at J. D. Long & Son's,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Small Stove Coal	$ 4 20	White & mixed	$ 50
Chestnut	4 20	Butter	18
Egg	4 10	Eggs	20
Cut	2 65	Potatoes	35
Snow Shoe	2 60	Lard	6
and Wheat	360	Pork	5
Beet		5c to 6c.	

NOTICE.—The Auditors of Potter Twp. will meet the boards of Overseers and Supervisors to audit accounts of same, at the public house of J. H. Odenkirk, Old Fort, on second Monday of March, 1886, at 9 a. m., where all interested may attend.

W. W. SPANGLER,
J. J. ARNEY,
J. G. DAUBERMAN,
Auditors.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Wm. Kerr, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

G. L. GOODHART,
3feb6t O. A. KERR,
Executors, Centre Hill, Pa.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market, having a refrigerator facilities can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOSER.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 217 & 219 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. PEGER, Proprietor.